# THE Merican Girl

OCTOBER 1949





• Yes, this post office and 1,693 others like it have no street address. That's because they're rolling handlers of mail—the railroads' fleet of United States Railway Post Offices.

In addition to solid trains which handle mail exclusively, most passenger trains have one or more mail cars "up ahead." Long before passengers at the starting point get on the train, these post offices on wheels are loading up. Inside, railway postal clerks are already sorting out the letters for each town along the route.

Even at the small towns where no regular stop is made, the inbound mail sack is put off, while the outbound pouch—suspended on a trackside crane—is neatly snatched up by a catcher

arm that swings out from the mail car door. And where trains stop to deliver or take on mail, anyone can post his own letters personally—simply by slipping properly stamped mail into the letter slot on the side of the railway post-office car.

These cars are staffed by Railway

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Mail Service employees, but the cars themselves—each one costing about \$80,000 new today—are built to government specifications by the railroads and are owned and maintained by the railroads.

Over 94 per cent of first-class intercity mail travels by train. Last year it came to over 14 billion pieces.

For carrying each first-class letter, the railroads get an average of less than 1/5 of one cent. At this rate the U. S. Post Office Department makes enough on railroad-handled mail to help substantially in paying the cost of other kinds of postal service.

So you see, carrying the mails is a big job the railroads perform for all of us—at mighty low cost.

THE

# American Girl

### CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1949

#### FICTION . . . . . . . Sally Knapp 5 Terry and the Team . . . . . Ruth M. Miller 8 Garnet Lodge, Part II . . , . . . . . . . Frances Duncombe 12 ARTICLES . . . . Louise Aubert and Barbara Fischer 10 Sky Girls . Icebox Bonus (Recipes) . . . . . . . . . . . Judith Miller 14 She Shall Make Music . . . . . . . . . . . . . Ruth Baker Bowman 15 Winter Garden . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Marjorie Johnson 16 Pleasure Insurance . . . . . FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS Prize Purchase Forecast of Fall Coats . . . . . . . . Frances Koltun 18 . Carol Dancis 20 Teatime Taffetas You Asked About Your Hair . Margaret Bell 21 . . . . . 22 Teen Shop Talk . Jonni Burke 26 Our October Cover . . . . . 49 FEATURES A Penny for Your Thoughts Speaking of Movies . . It's New! . . . . . . . Lawrence N. Galton 38 . . . Hester Jewell 40 Scouting Around . . . . . . . . . . . . 42 lokes In Step With the Times . . . . . . . . . . . . Lloyd C. Weldon 50

Cover photograph by Ralph M. Baxter

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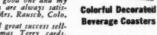
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### COUNTRY COUSIN CREAMS CITY COMPETITION



1. My social life is absolutely nil. To shake the woes I'm painting my bedroom floor when Pam, the school glamour girl, pokes her head in the window, "Hi!" says she. "I'm returning your book—and the mailman just brought you this."



2. It's Mother's oldest friend, inviting me for a city weekend plus the Cotillion with her dreamboat son Peter. I'm so dithery, I paint myself spang into the closet. "What do I wear?" I moan. "Wish I had your fancy allowance, Pam."



**3. "Fancy?" Pam snorts.** "My budget is peanuts—SINGER taught me to *make* my clothes. They teach you to style, fit and finish—and you sew a divine dress as you learn!" No time to waste. I make like Tarzan over that wet paint—straight for SINGER!



**4. Finally comes the weekend**—and I show those city queens! "How wrong can you get?" Peter sweet-talks in my ear. "For weeks I gloomed at Mother for inviting a frump from the sticks—and you're the best-dressed girl at the Cotillion!" (P.S.—When I see him New Year's, I'll be wearing another SINGER dress!)

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Don't brood—just march yourself down to the nearest SINGER SEWING CENTER! For only \$8, in 8 lessons, they teach you to cut, fit, sew and style—and you make a luscious new dress in the process. It's easy and fun—and once you've picked up the tricks, you'll prefer to make your own clothes. Get details from your SINGER SEWING CENTER. (See your classified telephone directory for the address nearest you. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.)

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### Terry and the Team

by SALLY KNAPP

Illustrated by Ardis Hughes

To make her girls truly a team and find her own future—that was the problem Terry faced

Sinking wearily on a bench, Terry watched the shouting girls with the basketball. She could feel the old floor of Public School 71 shake as the players ran down the length of the chalked-off court. She brushed back her dark, shiny bangs with a quick, angry motion as the girls tripped and shoved one another, trying to gain possession of the ball. A blond girl grabbed it, and the others ran after her shouting, "Clara! Clara!"

Terry blew her whistle sharply. No one paid any attention. She shouted, "What's the matter here?"

A small, bright-eyed Negro girl answered, "Cl-Clara's always hogging the ball!"

Clara shook her stringy blond hair back out of her eyes. "We don't need any referee. We can manage our own game."

"Please give me the ball, Clara," Terry requested, tight-lipped.

Clara aimed the ball, deliberately, at the basket and let it go.

Terry felt her temper rise. "All right, Clara, if you're so smart, you organize the game."

She walked quickly off the court.
"Miss Wylie," Terry said, shutting the door

of the Board of Education office behind her, "I want to resign my job as volunteer leader here. These girls are impossible."

The teacher in charge of the after-school playground looked up from her desk. "I'm sorry you're discouraged so soon. Is this too tough

a job even for a star basketball player?"

Terry sat down abruptly, "But these girls don't know the first thing about basketball," she said, her voice cracking with emotion, "and when you try to help them—" She told the teacher about her experience with Clara.

"You'll have to sell yourself to them first,"

Miss Wylie advised.

"But how?" protested Terry. "I'll be here for only a few weeks this spring. Next fall, when I'm a freshman at college, I have a

> Terry dribbled the ball across the court and made a very difficult one-hand shot



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job promised me in a recreation club, coaching basketball afternoons and Saturdays." She swept her bangs back from her flushed face with an impatient hand. "I'm going to be a physical education teacher, you know. I thought I'd get some practice in coaching here, but I'm not getting any place with these girls."

"And the minute the going gets tough, you're ready to quit." Miss Wylie looked straight at Terry.

"All right," the girl agreed at last. "I'll give it another try."

The next day Terry was back in the school basement, watching the group push and yell in what they called a game of basketball. Clara, at the far end of the court, was "teaching" the others, although all she knew about the game was that some way -any old way-you were supposed to get the ball in the basket.

"It isn't just a question of getting practice for my job," Terry admitted to herself. "It seems so stupid not to be able to reach these girls when I'm only a few years older than they are."

She watched Helen making vain attempts to get the ball into the near basket, while her redheaded friend gave her numerous confusing instructions. Terry groaned.

girls stopped arguing to watch. With the quick, sure co-ordination of a natural athlete, Terry made a few baskets in fast succession from different spots on the floor.

"Come on, let's get on with the game," Clara called. But the rest of the girls were now drifting toward Terry. Soon everyone was gathered around her except Clara, who remained at the other end, shooting baskets by herself.

Terry dribbled the ball across the court and made a difficult

one-hand shot from the side line.

"She's good, Fire-Top!" the little Negro girl whispered to her friend.

"Wish we could shoot baskets like that," Fire-Top mourned, Terry heard this last remark as she recovered the ball. "Here," she called. "Want to try a few shots?

Fire-Top's even, white teeth flashed in a quick smile. She took the ball from Terry's hands. "Will you show me how?

"Sure." Terry kept her voice casual. "Here, hold it like this." Helen tried a few shots next, then Rose, the Chinese girl. Several of the others had a turn at the basket before it was time



challenge them to a game. P. S. 71 against Clinton-oh, boy! Maybe we'd even get to play in their gym! Oh, well, let's stop dreaming.

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It was on the tip of Terry's tongue to say, "Maybe it isn't ust a dream." But she bit the words back. She had to make sure first. This might be her chance to win these girls. She mustn't

The next afternoon, Terry called the girls over to the bench. "I understand you'd like to organize a team to play against Clinton.

Surprise and excitement showed on every face. Terry hurried on. "I talked with their coach this morning, and we scheduled a match for three weeks from this Saturday

Shouts of joy drowned out her next words, so she waited until the hubbub had died down. "We'd better start tryouts for the team today," she continued. "We haven't much time."
"Oh, boy! won't that be something!" "Can we start some real

practice right now?" "Oh, Miss Terry, that's swell!"

Terry noticed Clara standing off at one side, listening eagerly. She called to her, "How about it, Clara, want to try out?" Clara, caught off guard, recovered quickly, and her usual indifferent mask slipped into place again. "Play with these amateurs? I should say not."

She stalked off to shoot baskets by herself. But Terry noticed her watching when she thought no one was looking.

It developed that P. S. 71 had the makings of a good team. Helen made a levelheaded captain; Rose, with her speed, was a forward any coach might be proud of; Fire-Top's tall litheness made her an ideal guard. They were shaping up well.

Several days later Terry took them over to watch Clinton's team in a practice game.

"Oh, Miss Terry," Helen moaned afterward, "we'll never be able to play against them. We'll just be laughed at."

"Their captain could beat our team all by herself," Fire-Top

groaned. "She sure can shoot baskets like no girl I've ever seen." "If only we had someone as good on our team," Helen said,

"There's Clara," Rose suggested quietly.
"Now wait a minute," Terry broke in. "You heard what Clara said the other day—you know she won't play with us. Anyway, she's a lone-star performer and wouldn't be any good on a team. "Oh, please, it's our only chance. Please ask her again,"

Helen begged.

Terry started to protest further, then stopped. She'd lose the little ground she'd gained with them if she said anything more. They'd remember she had quarreled with Clara and believe she was objecting only because she didn't like the other girl.

"Okay, I'll ask her," she agreed.

Strangely enough, Clara said yes. She acted as though she were doing them a big favor, but she couldn't quite hide from Terry how glad she was.

The rangy blond girl was good at shooting baskets, but that was all. She had no idea of teamwork. She arrived late for practice, left early when she wanted to, and gave sullen answers to the coach's suggestions.

The other players would have become mechanical robots, feeding the ball to Clara, if Terry had permitted it.

She hammered away at the idea of team play, teaching them a few extra tricks of co-ordination and surprise timing. But Helen seldom called for these plays.

Watching, with Miss Wylie, the last practice before the big game, Terry spoke of her fears, "Without Clara this team would fall apart," she said.

"Well, you have Clara, so why worry?"

"By all rights she should have been off the team before this. She has no idea of discipline," Terry answered, looking a little embarrassed. "But I want to see these kids win that game before I leave. The new coach can worry about Clara."

(Continued on page 38)

"Wait a minute," Terry called to the other referee. "That was a deliberate foul!"



"Outgoing, outgoing" . . . What did it mean? How did you develop an outgoing personality? Susan wondered



Dozen Steps

by Ruth M. Miller

Illustrated by HERBERT SASLOW

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OCTOBER, 1949

USAN Plumer crossed the walk and after hesitating a long moment, slowly and deliberately walked up the half-dozen steps. Only the thought of her mother, watching anxiously in the car, made her pull open the heavy door and step cautiously inside.

She looked quickly around, hoping desperately that she had not been seen. No one was in the entrance hall where she stood, and she relaxed just a little. Through glass doors which opened on a large, square, brightly lighted lobby, she could see eight or ten young people standing around, talking. She ducked hastily aside to escape notice. If only she knew someone here at the Youth Center, or had come with someone, it would have made everything so much easier.

She turned her head slightly, trying to see out of the corner of her eye. She couldn't do it. Her body grew rigid at the thought of walking into the room and having everybody turn to look at her. But she couldn't

continue to stand out here.

She knew she was being foolish. She ought to go inside. It was simple. You went in, introduced yourself -My name is Susan Plumer. I would like to join a group-that was all.

She glanced back furtively and saw a tall boy walking toward the glass doors. Quickly she opened the outer door through which she had entered, ran down

the steps, and walked rapidly away.

She couldn't face it. There was no point in arguing with herself. She'd heard all the arguments-from Dr. Phillips, from Mother and Dad and Aunt Marie.

"You must make friends, dear. They are important to your living a happy and normal life. You must make the effort. You're not a baby. You can do it." Susan could hear Mother's voice, gentle, importuning.

How many times had Aunt Marie said, "The Youth Center is the easiest place in the world to make friends. I went there myself before I was married."

The night was soft and dark and the air mild and warm. Susan stood on the corner waiting for her bus.

"It is most important, Mrs. Plumer," Dr. Phillips had said with his usual air of authority, "that Susan break this cocoon in which she has lived for the past few years. She is in good health now and must begin the development of an outgoing personality.

Outgoing, outgoing, Susan thought. What did it

mean? How did you do it?

"It's regrettable, Susie," Dad had told her in his down-to-earth manner, "that you don't have young friends of your own age. It's regrettable, but after being in and out of hospitals for several years it's understandable. So with that clear, you don't worry about it any more, but plan to go on from there.'

She'd heard it all so many times, but remembering didn't help much. She wished the bus would come.

"It's not something that's inherent in your character, dear. You've always liked people. And if you become interested enough in something you'll forget about yourself. Try it and see," Mother had urged.

Mother would be terribly disappointed. Susan fidgeted irresolutely. It would be wonderful to have friends again; to be called on the phone; to share a soda; to compare notes. She was going back to school next term. After private tutors, the thought of school was a little frightening. Having friends-even one friendwould mean so much.

Now she could see the headlights of the approaching bus. She watched them until they were almost upon her, then she turned and walked determinedly back. After refusing for weeks, she had finally promised to give the Youth Center a try tonight, She'd keep her promise.

She ran up the steps, pulled open the heavy door, and rapidly crossed the entrance hall. She caught her breath as she paused momentarily before the glass doors. She must think only of the moment at hand. It was a trick Dad had told her about-to think merely from moment to moment. I'm Susan Plumer, I would like to join a group. That's all.

With a swift motion she swung open the glass door and walked in. The receptionist's desk was at the right, and the girl sitting behind it looked up and smiled.

"Hello," she said.

For a moment Susan thought her voice wouldn't come. But the girl's smile was warm and friendly. "Hello," Susan answered and tried to smile.

"I haven't seen you before," the girl behind the desk

remarked. "You must be new here. Are you interested in taking part in any particular kind of activity? This was it. The girl would think it funny if she

didn't answer. She couldn't run now. Her hand made a ball of the handkerchief in her pocket. "I'd-I'd-like to join-just any group of my own age." She hoped her voice didn't sound as queer to the girl as it did to her.

"Of course," the receptionist said blithely. "I should have known. The most important thing when you're

new in town is to make friends."

Susan wasn't new in town, but it would take too long to explain. Besides, she guessed that for all practical purposes she really was new.

HE receptionist was talking to her, but it was hard to concentrate on what she was saying, Susan could hear music coming from one of the rooms, and squeals of laughter from another. There were many more people in the lobby now, but she felt more alone than she had outside.

Despite the quaver in her voice, she replied to the questions put to her. She thought she gave the correct answers. The girl behind the desk smiled reassuringly

and seemed to be satisfied.

"Now," she said, "we'll see what Blanche Rowland thinks. She's in charge of intermediate groups, She'll be here in a few minutes." She pressed the button at the side of her desk twice and a buzzer sounded faintly in the distance.

Susan studied the objects in front of her while she waited. For the first time she noticed the sign on the desk. In black letters on a gold background it said Nora Morrison.

After several minutes a tall, blond girl hurried up to the desk. Her face was thin and lacked the warmth of Nora's. Susan tried to control her nervousness. A sudden thrust of her forefinger put a hole in the crumpled handkerchief in her pocket. If she hadn't walked back to the center she would have been home by now.

"Hello, Susan." The blond girl's voice didn't match the thinness of her face at all. It was pleasant and vi-

vacious.

"I'm sorry there aren't any club meetings tonight," Blanche Rowland continued (Continued on page 46)

# Sky Girls

by LOUISE AUBERT AND BARBARA FISCHER

So you want to be an air-line hostess? Here is the inside story of how you'll work and play

TE HAVE a fascinating job—a combination of every job in the world rolled into one. We are diplomats, angels of mercy, linguists, teachers, housewives, scrubwomen, tourist guides, waitresses, conductors, messenger boys, nursemaids, executives, hat-check girls, and lots more. In short, we are air-line stewardesses.

Ours is a gypsylike life, both at home and on the job. If you are fortunate enough to live in a big, sprawling apartment with six other stewardesses in, let's say, San Francisco (or then, it might be Chicago or New York) yours would be a very busy existence. There is always activity, for with us there is no night or day. With the round-the-clock operations of the air lines, twelve o'clock midnight might well be our dawn, and the starting of our day's work. If you're looking for a job that is definitely not nine-to-five routine, stewardessing may be just what you want. The irregular hours, of course, can be the cross you bear, or the honey you eat. Being charming and alert at three or four in the morning at seventeen below zero, isn't exactly eating honey. You are apt to be alert, in spite of your-self—but being charming is another matter.

We can remember leaving Omaha for Cheyenne, on one trip, under just these circumstances. The plane took off with eight passengers. It wasn't until after take-off that we found the heater was not working. The captain, who, like a seafaring captain, usually makes the ultimate decision, left it up to the passengers this time. They could go back to Omaha and wait for a few hours while the heater was being fixed, or they could wrap up in blankets and fly on. The passengers voted to go on, and everyone bundled up in blankets. It was so cold that spilled drops of coffee and hot chocolate, served from time to time, froze instantly on the food buffet.

On the other hand, there are those delicious mornings at home, or on layovers, when you awaken and realize happily that the day is all your own, and you are free to turn your back on the clock if you like. Or if you are ambitious enough, a wide range of activities is open to you. If you're in Seattle, skiing is just a couple of hours away. In Washington, D. C., there's a chance to sit in on a session of Congress. In Salt Lake City, many of us have bobbed about like corks in the Great Salt Lake. We've gone swimming off Cape Cod, poked about the quaint British

Top: A new stewardesses' class makes a tour of the hangars. Most training sessions last several weeks

Center: Learning how to use a clipper's "inter-com" phones. First aid and other subjects are also taught

Right: An airline stewardess solves the mysteries of the seat belt for one of her many young passengers













shops of Vancouver, gone to the New York theaters, basked in the California sunshine. And, if you are one of those who dream about palm trees and moonlight on the beach at Waikiki, such dreams often do come true!

Most air-line companies start the girls out at a monthly base salary of about \$170 plus expenses. The pay increases only with seniority. The stewardess generally pays for her uniforms, although some companies pay a part of the initial cost. Almost all stewardess groups now are becoming unionized.

When someone asks us about the number of hours we work a month, we always astonish them by replying, "eighty-five." That is approximately half the hours of the average working girl, but you must take into consideration, that the eighty-five hours represent only actual flying time. It does not include the hours spent in traveling to and from the field; waiting for delayed flights; for the forty-five minutes that we are required to check in at the field before each trip. This adds up to quite a few hours by the end of the month. But many of the girls read, write letters, or take up knitting and crocheting, and it is surprising the number of ski sweaters and Argyle socks that result from these hours that might otherwise be wasted.

You may wonder about the reason for such a short working month. Altitude is the answer. Unless you are in a pressurized cabin, the change in altitude is quite noticeable above ten thousand feet, especially if the stewardess has been busy running back and forth. Flying fatigue is caused predominantly by "altitude anoxemia," the degree of anoxemia being directly proportional to the altitude. Impairment of emotional control is a test of altitude anoxemia. Your reactions are slowed, and a greater effort is necessary to carry out tasks. You also develop a more critical attitude toward people. Anoxemia caused by prolonged flying at eight thousand feet has its chief effects upon the nervous system. This should not alarm anyone, for the effects of altitude are not permanent, but it is the reason for our shorter working hours.

ORIGINALLY the air lines hired only nurses, in order to inspire confidence in the public. But air travel has become so matter-of-fact that, actually, the practical-minded girl in the twenty-one to twenty-six age group, who can think quickly and use common sense, is the kind of person needed in this job.

United Airlines, Eastern, TWA, American, Western, Northwest, and most of the smaller domestic lines all have similar requirements: good eyesight; weight in conformance with a height of 5 feet 2 inches to 5 feet 7 inches; a nurse's training, or at least two years of college. No special college course is necessary, but rather a well-rounded liberal-arts course or one in home economics—and some business experience also is desirable. In addition, the applicant must be a paragon of poise, tact, graciousness, and resourcefulness; be well-groomed and attractive, with a friendly interest in people and a warmth of approach.

If you have all these attributes, or a reasonable amount thereof, and the yen to soar through the skies, it is best to contact, in person or by telephone, the air-line personnel office and try to arrange for a personal interview. Be equipped with a passportsize photograph to attach to the application blank you will be asked to fill out. If you are told to call back later sometime, don't be discouraged. Do call again, and keep calling.

Most of the domestic lines (that is, the major scheduled carriers with which we are concerning ourselves in this article) have their own training schools, to (Continued on page 32)

Photos by American Airlines and Pan American World Airways

Top: Neatly uniformed, two girls check in for their flight at La Guardia Airport's Flight Control Office

Center: During training, makeup and hairdo advice is given by experts who aim to enhance natural charm

Left: Between flights, a stewardess may find herself with leisure on a tropical beach or at a ski resort!

### by FRANCES DUNCOMBE

Illustrated by Fred Irvin

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#### THE STORY SO FAR

Jinky's father, Bill Sanders, had spent his entire capital to turn the property left to his wife by her eccentric uncle, Stephen Cromwell, into an inn for skiers. Cousin Larry openly disapproved, but Jinky loved the place and enjoyed the guests—especially the Nortons, Professor Agnew, and Peter Crosby—the college boy she teased about his resemblance to the stuffed bear on the stairs. She resolved that Garnet Lodge must be a success. Then disturbing things happened. Was there any tie-up between the mysterious canceling of reservations and the rumor that it was Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost which terrified Mamie Hixie, the cook, so that she fell down the stairs? Determined to find out, Jinky went to the Hixies only to be put of by an unpleasant encounter with Mamie's lazy, shiftless husband, Al.

#### PART TWO

T LUNCH hour, Jinky hurried to Cousin Larry's office. He listened to her story with more sympathy and understanding than she had expected from a grownup. He assured her that the ghost rumor was just an example of mountain superstition, and that the chances of its spreading beyond the village and affecting the Lodge were slim. Still, it must be stopped. He would see that Al put an end to it.

"But Cousin Larry, why should anyone believe that Great-Uncle Stephen haunts the Lodge because we take guests?"

"Because, Jean," (Cousin Larry rarely used her nickname) "the silly story is based on an element of truth. Your great-uncle did have an eccentric antipathy for strangers."

In the next half hour, Jinky heard family history that she hadn't known before. She learned that, against her grandfather's advice, his brother, Stephen Cromwell, had used most of their joint assets to build a mill and install machinery just before the Garnet mine had played out. As a result, her grandfather was a poor man when he left the mountains with his family. It was then that Great-Uncle Stephen had begun to imagine slights from people he didn't even know, because he felt they were sympathizing with his brother. Withdrawing from all contacts with village life, he became almost a hermit.

"Toward the last, I was the only person he would see. I did everything for him." Cousin Larry sighed and looked at his wrist watch. "It's time you returned to school, Jean." As she stood up, he added, "I wouldn't discuss this with the children or your classmates—that would only give it importance. And though it is for you to decide, I see no necessity for telling your parents. Your father, especially, has enough to trouble him in readjusting to civilian life. Frankly, I'm apprehensive about his nervous condition."

At the look of alarm in Jinky's eyes, he put his arm around her. "It's nothing unusual, really—just reconversion jitters, All that is needed for complete recovery is freedom from worry, so we'll try not to bother him unnecessarily."

Despite Cousin Larry's warning, Jinky found it hard not to tell her parents about the ghost. She'd always told them everything, Perhaps when Mrs. Hixie came back on Friday it would be all right to tell her mother.

But Mrs. Hixie didn't come back on Friday.

Reading to the professor after supper that night, Jinky's mind kept straying. She was conscious that the click of the typewriter in the office had stopped.

"Bill—" It was as if her mother had read her thoughts—"I can't understand about Mamie. It isn't like her to let us down."

"That's not half of what I don't understand." Bill Sanders' voice had a nervous edge. "Why did I have to go twenty miles

Jinky wasn't sure that she was really awake when she first became aware of the professor

beyond the village to find a substitute cook this afternoon? And why all these telegrams canceling week-end reservations? You know what I think? It's that blasted-"

"Not so loud, Bill."

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"But we need that money for overdue accounts."

"We could borrow from Larry."

"No." His reply was harsh. "He thinks I'm a selfish fool," And

then in discouraged tones, "Maybe I am."

Jinky was glad she hadn't said anything about the rumor. Cousin Larry was right. Her father had trouble enough without an imaginary ghost piled on top of his other worries. If only something nice would happen to counteract his depression. If only the Outing Club would decide to rent the cabins!

ARLY Saturday morning Jinky was at the station to meet the E Nortons and Pete.

'Jinky!" Midge Norton waved a frantic mitten over Pete's shoulder as he stood below her on the steps.

"Pete," Jinky shouted, "is the Outing Club going to rent the

A blast of steam drowned his voice, but she saw him nod. Breakfast was a cheerful, noisy meal. "You kids can sweep out the cabins while I take Mr. and Mrs. Norton to the mountain," Bill Sanders said, and went off to get the keys, singing exultantly. The check for two hundred dollars that the Outing Club had paid in advance had more than made up for his disappointment about week-end cancellations and had enabled him to pay some long overdue bills.

Pete and the professor roped brooms, cleaning rags, kindling,

and a heap of blankets on a toboggan, Dick climbed on top.
"Mush!" he cried, and they were off. All the way down the children played Eskimo, but when they reached the first cabin Pete took command.

We're here to work," he told them. "Tony, pry the boards off the windows. Dick, shovel a path to the outhouse. Midge, what

"Sweep. But there's not enough dirt for Jinky and me both." Jinky looked around the cabin. For a place untenanted for twenty years, it was surprisingly clean. Pete handed Midge the keys. "You and Professor Agnew take another one, then." When they had gone, he laid kindling in the stove. "Might as well

have heat while we work. See any paper around?"

"Not a scrap," replied Jinky. "Maybe there's some keroscne in the lamp on the shelf."

Soon the kindling was crackling merrily, and Pete went on to build a fire in Midge's cabin. By noon the four Club cabins were ready, and they returned to the Lodge for dinner.

"Not exactly homey places, but I guess they'll do." Jinky passed Cousin Larry the bread. "Pete says most of the boys are studying mining and should get used to roughing it."

From his seat beside Midge, the professor leaned forward. "The children have invited me to join them skiing on the trail by the cabins this afternoon. They find it more interesting.

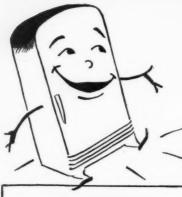
Cousin Larry interrupted quickly. "There is a gentle trail on the mountain, sir, that I am sure you would all enjoy more. As Mr. Sanders has been detained in the village, I will be glad to take you in my car.

Jinky felt a surge of gratitude toward life in general and Cousin Larry in particular. How kind he was to interest himself in giving their guests a pleasant time, especially as he had disapproved of the whole venture. With his help, her father's improvements, and her mother's good housekeeping, the success of the lodge was assured. And with the Outing Club boys in the cabins, Christmas vacation would be so gay that the reputation of the lodge would be made.

A sense of well-being sharpened her enjoyment of the afternoon on the mountain. Shouts and laughter rang above the constant hum of the tow cables. Reds and blues flashed across dazzling white as skiers emerged from the shelter of the woods and raced down the open slope. To Jinky, who had spent the past week ends supervising the young Nortons on her own gentle practice slope, the scene brought a heady exhilaration.

(Continued on page 33)





# cebox Bonus

by JUDITH MILLER

Drawings by Sylvia Haggander

Does "The Gang" meet at your house? Serve leftovers that have a party flavor. Good to look at and easy to prepare

#### LAMB SALAD BOWL

- 21/2 cups leftover cold lamb, diced 2 cups diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 6 slices cored.
- unpeeled, red apple
- 1 cup mayonnaise tablespoon chopped fresh

mint

Pile lamb in center of a bowl and arrange celery in a circle around it. Arrange pepper around celery. Dip apple slices in lemon or grapefruit juice to prevent darkening. Place slices around edge of salad bowl, peel side up, and extending slightly above edge of bowl. Serve with mayonnaise to which has been added the mint. Serves 6.



#### BEEF PILAU

- 1 1/2 cups leftover cooked rice
- cups ground cooked beef
- # 2 can tomatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon worcestershire squce
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 11/2 teaspoons salt
- 1 tablespoon
- 3 tablespoons bread crumbs

Combine rice with beef, tomatoes, worcestershire sauce, onion, and salt. Turn into greased baking dish, dot with butter, sprinkle crumbs over top. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes or until nicely browned. Makes 6 servings.



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### TUNA RAREBIT

- 1 tablespoon butter or mar-
- garine 1 tablespoon flour
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 pound leftover cheese, grated
- 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce
- 11/2 cups tuna fish

Melt butter or margarine; blend in flour and mustard. Gradually add milk. Beat egg; add, with cheese, to first mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Add salt, worcestershire sauce, and tuna. Heat. Serve over crisp saltine crackers or slices of crisp toast. Serves 4.



### RAISIN BREAD PUDDING

- 1 quart milk
- 2 cups raisin-
- 2 eggs 1/3 cup sugar
- bread cubes cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla Few grains nutmeg

Scald milk; add bread crumbs and butter or margarine. Beat eggs, add sugar and salt. Combine milk mixture with egg mixture. Add vanilla. Pour into baking dish and sprinkle with nutmeg. Place baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350°) 1 hour and 15 minutes, or until a silver knife inserted in the pudding comes out clean. Serves 4 to 6.

### TURKEY HASH

- 2 cups leftover cooked turkey, chopped
- 3 cups chopped cooked potato
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- 1/2 cup milk 2 tablespoons minced parsley Salt and pepper

to taste

Fat

Combine turkey, potato, onion, milk, and parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly in a little fat until browned, turning frequently. If desired, mixture may be formed into patties, rolled in flour, and browned in fat on each side. Serve with cranberry sauce. Serves 4.



### CREAMED SALMON AND CORN

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- tablespoons flour 3/4 teaspoon salt Few grains pep
  - per
- 2 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 1/2 cups cooked or
  - canned whole kernel corn 1 tablespoon

canned salmon

3/4 cup leftover or

chopped pimento

Toast slices

Melt shortening; blend in flour, salt, pepper, and sugar. Gradually add milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Add salmon, corn, and pimento. Serve on slices of toast, Serves 4.



There are more "Bonus" recipes on page 44

Big moment in a girl's life! Here Mary Lou receives her scroll at Carnegie Hall

THAT SPRING morning, five excited teenagers sat in New York City's crowded Carnegie Hall. Ordinarily they would have listened spellbound to the varied program—selections from Mozart, Vaughan Williams, Deems Taylor, Tchaikovsky, and others. But today the five young people shifted in their chairs and glanced uneasily about the hall. For before the Saturday Young People's Concert was over, one of them would be awarded the first prize—fifty dollars and a beautiful scroll—in the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society's first Composition Contest for boys and girls under sixteen.

Of seventy-one entrants from New York and near-by States, the compositions of these finalists—four girls and one boy—had attracted nationwide attention when they were called "outstanding" by a distinguished board of judges. Dr. Leopold Stokowski himself had invited them to be present today for the presentation of the prize. But which of the five would win it was still a mystery. The



### She Shall Make Music

RUTH BAKER BOWMAN

name lay in a sealed envelope which would be opened after the musical portion of the program.

When the applause for the last selection died away, a hush came over the great hall as Dr. Stokowski stepped to the dais, tore open the white envelope, and announced, "Mary Lou Wesley."

"It was the most exciting moment of my life, all right," the Plainfield, New Jersey, girl says today. "I didn't know whether I was coming or going." But somehow her black suede, low-heeled pumps managed to take her the full length of the aisle. Then she stepped up on the platform, received her award with a smile, a handshake, and a "Thank-you," and sat, wide-eyed, while the world-famous orchestra played her winning piece under Dr. Stokowski's baton. Entitled "The Rain Comes," the interesting, impressionistic composition suggested the approach, arrival, and fading of a violent storm. It had been submitted to the contest as a piano score, and was orchestrated especially for this occasion. Certainly it would have been a bright, red-letter day in anyone's life!

As a matter of fact, blond, blue-eyed Mary Lou Wesley has had a good many red-letter days in her fourteen years. There were the six curtain calls when she was soloist in a concert with the Plainfield Symphony Orchestra last November. There was the day she played two concertos in one program with Charlotte Lockwood Garden, one of the world's greatest organists; and the letter from Dr. Stokowski saying, "I am confident that you will go on developing your musical talent, because that talent is very great." And there was the time Mary Lou was piano soloist in the huge outdoor amphitheater at Chautauqua. The Wesleys had motored to Chautauqua, New York, for a short summer vacation, and someone who overheard Mary Lou practicing on the hotel piano called her to the attention of the conductor of the Chautauqua Student Symphony Orchestra.



Just like all teen-agers, Mary Lou and her chum "Trish" take time out of their busy schedules to have some fun

"I want to put you on my final program," he said when he heard her play. And so it was that she played the Grieg Piano Concerto in A Minor before an enthusiastic audience of 4500 people, on a radio-broadcasted program.

Small wonder that, with such recognition, Mary Lou's current ambition is to be a composer or a concert pianist. "But no one will be more surprised than I if I get to be either one," she modestly insists. "I'm a great one for hitching your wagon to a star, though. I think it's fun to work toward making a dream come true—and meanwhile, it can't do any harm, can it?"

Already Mary Lou has an inkling of the hard work that lies ahead for a girl who's hitched her wagon to a musical star. She practices at least four hours a day, and often spends another hour, just for the fun of it, composing. Twice a week she travels to New York with her mother for a lesson in the studio of Madame Isabella Vengerova, (Continued on page 28)

"I'm a great one for hitching your wagon to a star. It's fun working to make a dream come true"

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Once again, we have developed an outstanding Prize Purchase just for you—a smart zero-weather zip-out coat! To keep you warm, it's made of fine wool covert with a removable wool-plaid lining and snug knitted wristlets. To keep you fashion right, it's smoothly tailored with a gored back, cuffed sleeves, and wonderful deep pockets. By Worcester Classics, in subteen sizes 10-14, it's value priced about \$30 at the stores listed on page 49

> Be sure to lank for a Prize Purchase in our next issue

> > Hat by Medosps
> > Gloves by Daunelle



Hats by Madcaps
Bags by Teen Town



# Forecast of

Upper right: Chinchilla coat, short 'n snappy by Nassau Trading, has bright plaid lining, deep patch pockets. About \$17 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, teen sizes 10-16

> Above: Zip-in lining of wind-resistant leather adds warmth to this covert coat with cavalier collar. By Young Classics, it's in teen sizes 10-16, at Hudson's, Detroit, for about \$40

Lower right: Classic in wool fleece by Waldman & Anstendig has hand-stitched reveres. Teen sizes 10-16, and about \$35 at Stewart Dry Goods, Baltimore; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne

The Classic, the Casual, the Fitted Coat—with and without fur—these are the important fashions in our roundup of this season's exciting new coat silhouettes



OCTOBER, 1949





Photographs by Ray Kellman

### Fall Coats



THE AMERICAN GIRL

Upper left: An ermine-dyed lapin collar adds glamour to Barbara's dressy fitted coat of wool suede. Subteen sizes 10-14 and about \$40 at Hudson's, Detroit; Shillito's, Cincinnati

Above: Fitted coachman's coat by College Deb has a draped back and flap pockets. In wool broadcloth, for subteen sizes 10-14, about \$35 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

> Lower left: Worcester Classics nubby tweed can be worn belted or with a full flared back. About \$25, subteen sizes 10-14 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

There's fashion news in smooth camel's hair, bright fleeces, smart tweeds, and soft broadcloths. Look for these styles when you shop for your new winter coat

# leatime !

Rustling fabrics with a romantic

dresses! Taffeta-striped, corded,

or cloud-light-leads them all

air are this season's big news in date

Photograph by Ray Kellman

Left: In silky taffeta, Delltween's dress has velveteen trim, full tucked skirt, tiny buttons. In subteen sizes 10-14, about \$13

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Center: Jewelteen's corded taffeta with a shirred skirt, wonderful deep pockets, soft shoulders. About \$11, in teen sizes 7-15

Right: A soft, lace collar highlights this full-skirted, finely striped taffeta dress by Petiteen. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$13



You can buy these dresses at the stores listed on page 49

### you asked about

your hair. Here are answers to some of the questions about this problem child. Yours may be among them

Q. What can I do to give my hair more sheen? I've tried many different shampoos, but it still looks dull.

A. Healthy hair should have a natural gloss. Of course, it must be spandy clean. If you're sure your shampooing technique is up to par (this means at least two latherings and oceans of rinse water), hard water may be spoiling your efforts. If you live in a hard-water district, there are a number of things you can do to counteract the effect of the water on your hair. You can soften the water with prepared water softener, or by boiling it; or you may find that one of the hard-water shampoos will do the trick. And don't forget about a sensible diet, plenty of sleep, outdoor exercise, and drinking water. There's nothing like vibrant good health to give you the kind of hair you see in the shampoo ads.

Q. Can you suggest a hair style to camouflage a high forehead and make a

rather large nose seem less so?

A. A fluffy bang probably would be a solution to both your problems. Soft curls at the nape of the neck also will help to balance your nose in profile. Avoid a center part. If your face is narrow, place your part as far to one side as you can. Keep fullness at the sides on a level with your temples.

Q. My hair is reddish-blond, but very thin and wispy. Is there any way I can make it grow longer and thicker?

A. So far, nothing has been discovered that will make hair grow beyond its natural rate, and redheads and blonds seem to have thinner hair than brunettes. However, if your scalp is in poor condition, your hair won't grow as rapidly or as thick as it should. Illness, fatigue, and nervousness also affect the growth of hair. To stimulate circulation in your scalp and encourage as much growth as possible, be sure you keep your hair clean, and follow a daily ritual of massage and brushing. A soft, fluffy hairdo will tend to make your hair appear thicker. If it's straight, a loose permanent will help give an illusion of thickness.

Q. Can you tell me how to make pincurl waves?

A. The entire head of hair is wound in pin curls—one row clockwise, one row counterclockwise. Here is the method: start a row of curls on one side of your part, winding clockwise. Wind next row counterclockwise. Continue, alternating each row until you have covered one whole side of your head. Then, starting on the other side of your part, repeat the

process until all your hair is wound. When dry, curls made in this way can be combed or brushed into deep waves, the ends fluffed or curled. For more about making pin curls, see "All Set" in your October, 1948, AMERICAN GIRL.

Q. Can you suggest a hair style for long, straight hair? I have been wearing it in two long pigtails, and I'd like to change. I am thirteen and have a heart-shaped face.

A. Unless your hair is below shoulder length, a long page-boy is easy to keep looking nice, and is a very becoming way to wear straight hair. The ends may be (Continued on page 36)

by MARGARET BELL

Drawings by Clare McCanna





21/8 yards of the same width for the jacket

22

OCTOBER, 1949

THE /

or dressy. It is made for 24-32 inch waist,

Size 28 will require 23/8 yards 39" fabric

9013: What could be smarter than this plaid, designed especially for you who wear sizes 10-16, with its deep pleat and huge pockets to lend a gay air? Piping on bodice and on pockets can be plaid, or a solid color to pick up one of the tones of your plaid. Size 12 will take 37/8 yards of a 39" material

## All Around

9168

Each Pattern 25c

# the Clock

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clipout order blank, please turn to page 36.

9168: A jumper-and-blouse team that will be a winter stand-by, in sizes 11-17. For the jumper, use plaid or a solid color, with narrow bands for the trimming, and make the blouse in a contrasting color. The jumper, in size 13, will require 27/8 yards of 39" material; the blouse needs 23/8 yards 35" fabric

4638: Frilly as your heart could wish, this is your dress for the informal party, square dance, or prom! A bow-tied sash joins inug bodice and full skirt. For sizes 11-17, size 13 takes 5 % yards 35" material for dress, 21/2 yards of the same width for the ruffles, and 1 yard for sash, or 27/8 yards of ribbon

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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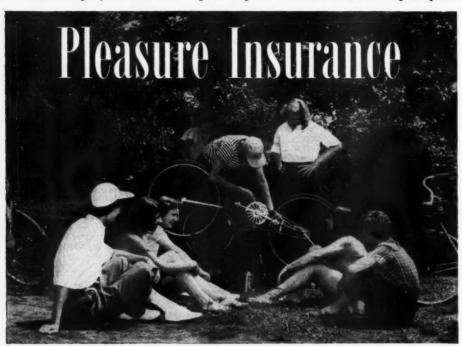
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Maury Garber - Bicycle Institute

pedal picnics the order of these bright fall days, keeping your two-wheeler in top condition is just plain pleasure insurance. A bicycle with loose handle bars or bent

spokes can buck just as much as a bronco under a loose rein.
Although you'll want to take your bike to a professional serviceman for any major repairs and a thorough, twice-yearly checking, you'd be surprised how easily you can do your own

day-to-day upkeep. It doesn't take long to keep everything right and ready to roll, once you know what's what.

Why not get the gang together for a Maintenance Party? That way you can pool your tools, energy, and know-how. Since you'll be using kerosene, be sure to work out of doors, away from fire or flame. Get together the following tools: a set of open-end wrenches from 5/16" to 11/16"; adjustable screw wrench; thin-bladed screw driver; pliers; hammer; spoke wrench; and—if tire changing is to be done—a spoon-faced tire tool and puncture-repair kit.

Here's a handy check list for keeping a two-wheeler in top

shape. How does yours rate?

Saddle adjustment is as important for easy cycling as comfortable shoes for walking. The seat is at the right height when, with your leg straight and the pedals at "six-o'clock," you can sit comfortably and rest your heel lightly on the pedal. After the seat is adjusted, tighten all nuts. To keep the leather in shape, treat it to saddle soap once or twice a month.

Handle bars should be approximately as wide as your shoulders. Before tightening them, check to see if they are in the right position. If you lean slightly forward when your hands are properly placed on the handle bars, they are correctly adjusted for safe and comfortable riding.

Handle grips should be cemented firmly to the handle bars

and replaced as soon as they wear out.

Spokes that are out of line or loose waste pedal power and will warp the wheel. Check to see that they are in alignment, and have broken ones replaced immediately at the repair shop. However, necessary careful tightening of spokes can be done

Just a few ounces of prevention will help avoid pounds of bike trouble and guarantee tons of fun with your own spoke wrench.

Wheels that wobble can be eliminated by tightening wheel nuts and oiling all of the moving parts regularly.

The chain must be kept clean and well lubricated. Re-

move it and soak in kerosene for a half day. After the kerosene bath, wipe dry, soak in light oil for ten or fifteen minutes, and carefully wipe dry. When you are replacing the chain, make certain that it will not bind because of tightness, or have too much play in it because of looseness.

Nickel and chrome parts stay new-looking longer if they get a frequent once-over with an oiled woolen rag. Rusted chrome surfaces can be rechromed professionally, but if you decide to do the job yourself, remove all rust with steel wool, wash and dry surfaces, and cover with a coat of aluminum paint.

Brakes should be tested to see that they take a firm grip. A good way to check them is to mark off a chalk line, ride toward it at full speed until one of the gang yells "Stop!" when you are fifteen feet from the chalk mark. If your brakes are working properly, you'll stop before you reach the line, with a few feet to spare. The modern coaster brake is one of the most complicated and important pieces of bicycle equipment. If it needs major adjustment or repair, don't try to do it yourself. Take it to a mechanic. There's no substitute for a quick, smooth, safe stop.

Batteries for lights and horns should be fresh and powerful. Lack of proper lighting equipment, including a rear reflector, is one of the leading causes of cycling accidents. The best way to test the headlight and rear reflector is in the open, at night. From a given spot, pace off five hundred feet in one direction, three hundred in the opposite direction. Station a tester at each of the two distances, then bring the bike to the starting point, with the front towards the five hundred foot tester, and turn on the headlight. A headlight should be visible at this distance to meet safety requirements. The rear reflectors must be distinguishable at three hundred feet.

Tires inflated to correct pressure will make pedal pushing a lot easier. Check yours at least (Continued on page 31)

THE A

### "V-e-ry pretty— now for a picture!" Another good time...just right for Another good a snapshot! Pictures let everyone enjoy the fun over and over. That's why

it's great to take them, to be in them, and to have them to show. It's why everyone usually says "Be sure to get a print for me." Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

Kodak Film gets the picture. It's the film in the familiar yellow box.



THE AMERICAN GIRL

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\$2.95 at Dayton Co., Minneapolis

Bright and colorful are Hansen's

novelty knit wool mittens.

At Hahne & Co., Newark, New Jersey, for \$1.50





### by Jonni Burke

Drawings by LISL WEIL

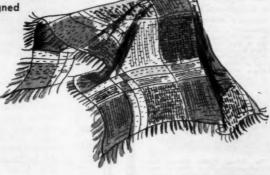
Shepherd's sleek sweater has a wide, ribbed yoke, and a snug-fitting waist. Of 100% wool, only \$2.77 at Macy's, New York City 1



Do you have cold feet? Then wear Bonnie Doon's elegant English bed socks. Hand crocheted of all wool. \$1.35 a pair at



A bold plaid in a large wool and rayon square designed by Glentex. Use it as a scarf or a kerchief. Only 95c at Meier & Frank, Portland, Oregon



Ezee Knitter's circular frame with pegs teaches knitting without needles! You can make almost anything on it. Send \$2.15 to Creative Crafts, 6 East 11th St., New York City 3



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**She Shall Make Music** 

(Continued from page 15)

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the world-famous instructor, who recently has become her piano teacher. Yet with all this, Mary Lou carries a regular course in the public high school, a mile and a half from her home. Last year she was one of five freshmen in a class of six hundred who made the High Honor Roll.

Every morning, before heading for school, she tries to fit in an hour of practicing, and after her last class she comes back to the low white house on Sleepy Hollow Road to work at the grand piano beside the window in the pleasant music room. A schedule like this means no after-school activities, such as the Dramatic Club which Mary Lou would dearly love to join, but she philosophizes, "I guess you can't branch out in every direction, and after all, music does come first."

Almost every afternoon after practice, though, there's time for a game of croquet or ping-pong with her best friend, Patricia, who lives right next door to the Wesleys, and is like a sister. "Trish" is a busy girl, too—with schoolwork, music lessons, sewing projects, and helping around the house—so she doesn't expect a friend to be able to play every minute of the day. But in their free time, she and Mary Lou have wonderful times together, and have worn a brown path in the grass between their two back doors.

After supper, Mary Lou does her homework at the kitchen table, where the light is good and there's plenty of room to spread out books and papers. English is her favorite subject; biology comes second. Mary Lou thinks she must inherit a scientific leaning from her father, whose business is chemical research.

Don't think that life is all practicing and homework for this talented teen-ager, however. On the contrary. She loves to swim and has a fine stroke, and can handle a rowboat with authority, as a camp boating-award plaque, which hangs over her dressing table, testifies. She enjoys parties as well as the next girl, too, and still likes to reminisce about the high-school senior dance which she attended last Valentine's Day with a certain freshman.

If you could go into Mary Lou's little room, you'd feel right at home, and have further proof that this teen-ager has ideas very much like your own. White eyelet curtains, matching the spread on the low wooden bed, hang at the two windows; and the wallpaper, a blue-and-white floral pattern, helps give height to a low ceiling. You'd see a bulletin board on the closet door, covered with concert programs and photos and clippings about composers and concert artists. Over the bed is Picasso's charming "Le Gourmet" in a white-painted frame. On the low bookshelves you'd probably spot many of your own favorites— "Green Grass of Wyoming," "Deep Flowing Brook," "The Master's Violin," "Listen, The Wind," as well as Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," and a new copy of "Teen-Age Manual." Then there is a thumbed "Girl Scout Handbook," from the days when there Scout Handbook," from the days when there was more time for troop meetings.

Not that music lessons are a new development for Mary Lou. Before she was three she would reach up to the keyboard and pick out "Mary Had A Little Lamb" by

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ear, and when she was five, her mother, who loves music and had studied under Dr. Damrosch, began giving her piano lessons. This continued until, at eight, Mary Lou became a student at the French School of Music in Plainfield.

"From the very beginning," Mrs. Wesley remembers, "Mary Lou couldn't seem to help composing little pieces, often with words to go with them. Though she's had only five lessons in composition in her life, she's kept at it by herself, and now has over eighty original pieces in her portfolio."

Often these compositions were inspired by pieces she was studying, or by a special time of the year—like her "Christmas Fantasy" which is the musical story of a girl who comes downstairs on Christmas morning and finds all the toys she's wanted. This is written in the key of E, which Mary Lou calls the Christmas key, because it's so chimey.

The Cook School Song, for which Mary Lou wrote both music and words, is the official song of the grammar school she at-

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tended. The tune for that came to her in bed when she was trying to get to sleep. She remembers jumping up and running downstairs in her nightgown to play it for her mother and father and their dinner guests. The inspiration for her "Air For Organ," used as an offertory in her Sunday school, came in somewhat the same way.

what the same way.

"I was asleep," Mary Lou recalls,
"dreaming I was a great organist, playing a
beautiful piece. Then I woke up, and the
theme kept running through my head.
Suddenly I knew there wasn't any such
tune, so I quickly turned on the light and
wrote it down on scratch paper, and then
went back to bed again."

Also on her long list of creative efforts was much of the music for "All Around the Clock With Father Time," an original, two-hour play successfully given by the sixth grade at Cook School in its graduation year, and "To Daddy Dear," a copyrighted, popular-type of song written during the war for all the fathers who were in service.

Today, Mary Lou is at work in her spare

moments on her most ambitious composition to date—an impressionistic piece for organ, two violins, and voices, probably to be premiered in Plainfield. But she would much rather talk about the black puppy she used to have, or show you the autographs in her school yearbook, and the new wire recorder on which her father records her playing. This latter is fun and helpful, too, for Mary Lou then can analyze her own playback objectively, and compare it with recordings of the same composition by world-famous concert artists such as Rubenstein, Casadesus, and Horowitz.

Sometime, perhaps, Mary Lou Wesley's name will be as well known as those. One important music educator has said that although her main enthusiasm is piano, the girl probably could carve an equally distinguished career in composition, conducting, or organ.

But whatever the future, Mary Lou is having an exciting life right now, every minute jammed with things she really likes to do.

THE END



write for the name of your nearest dealer—Roberts, Johnson & Rand, Division of International Shoe Company . St. Louis 3, Mo.



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: I think your Advisory Board is swell. When I picked up the magazine I saw how wonderful these fashions are.

Since I'm tall and thin I really appreciated A Way With Figures.

DUSTY BROWN (age 15)

ALMA, WISCONSIN: I like the fashions in your magazine very much and will choose some of my school clothes from them. I enjoy mystery stories and I am anxiously awaiting the beginning of Garnet Lodge in the next issue.

I am a Second Class Girl Scout in Troop 2.

DIANE SCHWEITZER (age 13)

**HENRYETTA, OKLAHOMA:** I am a member of Girl Scout Troop 4. Your magazine has helped me very much in completing my First Class badge.

I like to use your patterns because they are attractive and easy to make. In your August issue you had fashions for chubbies. I liked that very much, because I am chubby. I think your jokes are super.

LORIETA JO PIPPIN (age 14)

south English, Iowa: I am a farm girl, and will be a senior in North English high school next year. The readers of your magazine will have a vital part to play in the drama of tomorrow. So while we are interested in fashions, looks, and dates, we also need to read, and so learn, more about world problems in order that we may help solve them. As my special interest is racial prejudice, I hope Ruth Adams Knight's wonderful story will set other young people to thinking. Thank you so much.

MAXINE L. HANLEY (age 16)

ROSEMEAD, CALIFORNIA: Girl Without a Country? was the most wonderful story I think I have ever read. I have read it four times. Date for Deborah was good, but too short. I don't even read your continued stories any more, because they bore me, but I think your covers are beautiful, and I love your bright, gay colors.

Let's have more articles on how to make and keep yourself beautiful. Some of my friends are very anxious for a diet.

KATHLEEN KINELL

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON: In your August issue, Girl Without a Country? impressed me very much. In fact, the way it ended made me a bit angry. Surely Americans who believe in freedom and justice could not feel that way toward a person who is of a different race.

All my life I have attended a school with Japanese, Negroes, and Indians. I can assure

you that it never occurred to us white kids to dislike anyone because he was of a different nationality. We always like a person for what he is, not what his ancestors were!

SANDRA LUST (age 15)

**DAYTON, OHIO:** We are twins and have been enjoying *Journey for Pat*. We think that it is one of the best stories that you have published. But there are some things we do not like. For instance, we think the girls who model the dresses for "chubbies" are thin, but the dresses are cute. We don't get much of a laugh out of your jokes. Also, we don't think much of A Family Affair.

PAT and JACKIE BLAIR (age 14)

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: In the August issue you had a dress that you called *Prize Purchase*. If only you could have more dresses like that! I also liked *Class-Mates*, *The Cotton Class*, and *Teen Shop Talk*.

JANE THORNTON (age 14)

WILDWOOD, NEW JERSEY: Never before have I read such a touching story as Girl Without a Country? Believe me when I say it is really terrific. It had me crying at the end. I think you should have more true-to-life stories like that one.

WINDY WIDDOES (age 14)

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: The stories in the August issue were wonderful. Girl Without a Country<sup>9</sup> was very different and sad. I am looking forward to buying the book It Might Be You.

The back-to-school fashions were very lovely and practical.

ELAINE TERRIS (age 14)

AKRON, OHIO: I especially enjoyed reading Mariners at Catalina as I am a member of this senior branch of Scouting. Prize Purchase is a very nice added attraction, and your extra-special school cotton is one you should be proud of.

PATTY FASNACHT (Age 14)

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS: Congratulations on your story Girl Without a Country? It was super and I hope you have more stories like it.

I am a member of Troop 27, and a freshman in high school. I like all your articles on sports, and I'd like to see more on golf and tennis.

PAULINE McCoy (age 13)

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA: I always enjoy your stories and I thought Girl Without a Country? was very, very interesting.

I love to cook and sew and enjoy your cooking and pattern department very much. I make nearly all my own clothes.

MARIANNE COMBS

MIDDLE VILLAGE, LONG ISLAND: A Way With Figures in the August issue was very helpful, as I have trouble buying clothes.

The Beautiful Spy was super. My favorite subject is history, so could you please have an article concerning history?

JANE HARROP (age 12)

SHOREWOOD, WISCONSIN: I thought the August issue was super, especially The Beautiful Spy and Girl Without a Country?

Your hints on sewing and cooking are helping me since I enjoy both subjects very much.

LUCIA LA FOND (age 13)

**EFFINGHAM**, **ILLINOIS**: All Over the Map is very helpful in Scouting. I am a member of Senior Scout Troop 2. Our troop is a very active organization in our town. In March our twenty-five members and two leaders were hostesses to twenty Scout troops of other southern Illinois towns. Our president was chosen to represent Illinois at the Western Hemisphere Camp.

LILA BOWERS (age 15)

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ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI: I loved the article Deep-Sea Zoo. I was especially interested in the way the octopus could change its color in order to be camouflaged almost perfectly.

PATRICIA MATTICKER (age 11)

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI: I am a Girl Scout and I belong to Troop 3 of Kansas City. I liked *The Beautiful Spy* very much and also A Way With Figures in the August issue.

RUTH A. RAST (age 11)

SUNLAND, CALIFORNIA: I think Journey for Pat was the best story I've read in your magazine for a long time. And when I say "best" that's really saying something, for I love almost all your stories. Date for Deborah was super, and Cirl Without a Country? was good until the end. I was so disappointed in it I could have croaked. We never feel that way where I live. I have many girl friends who are Japanese and our student-body president is a Japanese how.

I think your patterns are adorable and your articles and good-grooming tips are very helpful and interesting.

PAT ADAMS (age 14)

GOLFITO, COSTA RICA: Many girls will think of Costa Rica as a sleepy, tropical country.

It is in reality a happy, active, modern place. I live in a small town where there are no sodas, high-school, or the like. After finishing grammar school all the kids either go to the United States or to San Jose (the capital) to continue their studies. They spend their vacations here with their parents.

For recreation we have swimming, hiking, rowing, tennis, horseback-riding, movies, parties, dances, etc. During summer, when all the kids are together, we have loads of fun.

ANNE VARGAS

MARTINSVILLE, OHIO: Your article A Way With Figures was very helpful to me. Could we have more on that line, such as the different necklines suitable for different-shaped faces, or suitable hairdos for different-shaped faces?

ROBERTA ANN CLELAND (age 13)

FOREST LODGE, AUSTRALIA: I feel I must write and thank you for your grand magazine, *The American Girl*. My friend Elaine Malone of Wichita, Kansas, sent me your April edition and I enjoyed it very much. The fashions seem to be very much the same as they are in Australia.

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I have finished high school, and have completed a course at Business College, where I gained the I.P.A.A. for typewriting.

ELAINE ELLIS (age 16)

OAK HILL, WEST VIRGINIA: I went to Girl Scout camp Ann Bailey for a month. They had bound their copies of *The American Girl* for the years 1938-1939. It was fun to read these back copies. Your magazine was tops then, as it is now.

MARY SUE SHIPE

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

THE END

### Pleasure Insurance

(Continued from page 24)

once a week, even when your bicycle is not in daily use, and keep them at the pressure indicated on the sidewall of the tire. If no figures are given there, keep fifty pounds of pressure in lightweight tires and twenty-two pounds in balloons.

Store your bike under cover in a cool, dry place. Dusting it after every ride is excellent practice, and giving the paint work of a new bike a waxing treatment will add to its life and good looks. If a bike is to be stored for several weeks or more, turn it upside down so that it rests on the seat and handlebars, and cover with a sheet.

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### Sky Girls

(Continued from page 11)

which a prospective stewardess is sent for three or more weeks. Aviation history, company history, navigation, meteorology, airplane briefing, flight medicine, first aid, inflight service, etc., comprise the list of studies. Most air lines pay a salary while in training, or at least furnish room and board.

"My, you must meet so many interesting people!" This is one of the most familiar phrases we hear. The traveler we meet most often is the hurried businessman; it is nothing at all for him to commute between Chicago and New York, or San Francisco and Los Angeles, two and three times a week. We also have a certain percentage of visiting relatives; and, during the vacation seasons, we really become tourist guides, pointing out the best mountains to climb or the best lakes in which to swim or fish.

Often we run into a note of sadness, when we find that a passenger is hurrying to a sickbed or to attend a funeral. In such cases everything possible is done by all the airlines personnel to see that the passenger makes the proper connections and arrives at his destination as quickly as possible. Oh, yes, once in a while we do have a celebrity on board

As you can see, we stewardesses are completely on our own while aloft, and passengers tend to regard us as something special. People confide their problems and innermost secrets to us. They ask our advice on love, eating places, and about the price of hogs in Iowa. We enjoy these little chats, but unfortunately we don't always have time for them.

While the food is already prepared, the trays must be attractively arranged for serving. Sometimes within a forty-minute period, besides setting up trays for twenty-one people, we have other duties to perform, such as attending to the cabin temperature and to passenger wants; checking seat belts; hanging or folding coats; passing out chewing gum; tidying up the buffet and cabin. There are times when we have a passenger aboard who is irate about the plane being late, or who has missed a connection. The brunt of his dissatisfaction generally falls upon the stewardess's shoulders.

Back home again, we can blow off steam to our roommates, who experience vicariously the trials and tribulations of one another's trips. Each flight, we are enriched with new problems in psychology; we gather tidbits about every subject in the world; we are in contact with people in the know and the do. And in every plane load, regardless of the difficult moments, there is always a good laugh, too.

During their annual vacations and free time, stewardesses enjoy the benefits of reduced air rates. Many girls take a "busman's holiday," flying to other countries and vacation spots. But most of them are content to go back to their home towns and visit with the family and old friends.

The popular idea that most stewardesses marry after a year or so is true-and what job could better qualify you for marriage? But for the career girl, experience as a stewardess can pave the way to many air-line jobs on the ground, such as counter agents, reservationists, and instructors, where stewardess training is an advantage; or one may become

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an assistant chief or chief stewardess. However, we might add that once you've flown for a living, anything else probably will seem like eating spinach after a big, heavenly dessert. You can see that we are decidedly prejudiced—we are in love with our job!

For those who insist upon being grounded, or who prefer regular hours of work, the remark of a New York City businessman might indicate the possibilities in other pastures.

indicate the possibilities in other pastures.

"You know," he said, "you stewardesses are so well thought-of, and have such an enviable reputation, that you could walk into any office and be given preference for almost any job, particularly one directly concerned with the handling of people."

We repeat, though, that most stewardesses are satisfied with being just plain stewardesses.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For detailed information about qualifications, please write to the Personnel Office of the air line of your choice.

THE END

### **Garnet Lodge**

(Continued from page 13)

The professor treated himself and the children to a lesson with an instructor, giving Jinky an hour's freedom. Running a trail with Pete, it seemed that the world had never been more perfect. It wasn't until Bill Sanders came to take them home that she was reminded of a flaw in its perfection.

Going into the Sky Hut to round up Dick, she found him, a hot dog in each hand, surrounded by an amused audience. He was boasting shamelessly that next week he was going to run Hanging Cliff, most hazardous of all the expert trails. Sending him on ahead, Jinky was buying a hamburger for herself when she heard a voice chortle, "That kid from the Haunted Lodge is quite a card!"

With that sentence reviving her worries, she was reluctant to face her father. Mr. and Mrs. Norton were already in the station wagon, and Pete was hoisting his skis to the rack on top. Impulsively, she stopped him. "Let's take the cross-country trail home. We have plenty of time before dark."

As they followed the trail, the hum of the tow and the sound of voices faded until they were enclosed by silence.

"Pete." She had to tell someone. "A man in the Ski Hut called Dick 'the kid from the Haunted Lodge!"

He looked at her, troubled. "I guess I should have told you what people were saying"

Jinky lifted startled eyes, "You mean you knew?"

"Sure. Heard it last week. Only I thought it was too crazy to repeat."

"Crazy—it doesn't make sense!" The relief of talking to someone nearer her own age than Cousin Larry was so great that by the time they had reached the abandoned cab-

ins, she had poured out the whole story.
"Perhaps it does make sense, Jink.
Great-Uncle Stephen's ghost sounds too well
organized." Suddenly Pete sniffed. Then he
was out of his skis, running toward the nearest cabin. A thin spiral of smoke trickled
from a crack above the door.

Later, Jinky couldn't even remember when Cousin Larry made a third in the smokefilled room, stamping on blankets flung on the blazing floor. She could only remember separate little things, like the splintering of



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glass as Pete knocked out a pane to reach a window catch; the first sharp sting of smoke in her eyes; the prick of pain when a spark burned through her sleeve. It could have been seconds or hours that she helped fight the tongues of flame. But at last the fire was out.

Cousin Larry poked a piece of charred blanket aside. Beneath it were fragments of blackened glass. "So that's how it started," he said. "You must have jarred the lamp off the shelf when you slammed the cabin door shut this morning, and a spark from the stove did the rest."

Jinky looked at the stove where a few red embers glowed.

"But I put the fire out with snow before I closed the stove door," Pete protested.

Cousin Larry smiled tolerantly. "You thought you did, I'm sure."

"I know I did," Pete insisted.

But he must have been wrong, Jinky decided, as she soaked in a hot bath before supper. The stove door had been open and no one could have opened it after she and Pete left, because the cabin had been locked. When she was dressed, she ran downstairs to the lounge. The Nortons were standing in front of the fireplace with her mother.

"So you see, Helen," Mrs. Norton was saying, "If Jinky would be willing to keep an eye on the youngsters we would feel much happier than if we had to leave them at home."

Helen Sanders drew her daughter into the group. "Mr. and Mrs. Norton are flying to South America on Monday. They want to leave the children with us and let them go to school here," she explained.

Cousin Larry tried to make fires and the danger of wood stoves left unattended by irresponsible young people the central topic of conversation during supper but no one except Pete listened. The Norton children were irrepressible in their joy over the plans for the winter. The professor had difficulty making himself heard.

"If it is agreeable to you, Mrs. Sanders, I, too, would like to remain until April. I can write my biography of Socrates from notes I brought with me and improve my skiing

at the same time.

Jinky glanced around the table and smiled ecstatically. Her mother and father looked younger than they had for weeks. Sudden cancellations wouldn't mean desperate worry now. Four permanent guests gave them a margin of safety. It was going to be a marvelous winter!

She turned to share her happiness with Pete and was surprised to see his usually good-natured face twisted in a frown.

"Don't pay any attention to Cousin Larry," she whispered. "When you know how nice he is you won't mind his fussing. Mother and Father don't blame you a bit."

But when she saw Larry follow her father into the office after supper, she went in, too.

"Can't you realize, Bill, that every cabin might have burned to the ground if it hadn't been for the lucky chance that we discovered the fire in time?" he asked. "Young people have no sense of responsibility. It could easily occur again when no one is around. It isn't worth the risk, for two hundred dollars."

Her father replied evenly, "It's already been decided, Larry. The fire was just one of those freak things. Neither Helen nor I see any reason for changing our minds about the Outing Club."

When Cousin Larry left for his own cabin,

OCTOBER, 1949

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Jinky hugged her father tight, then rejoined the others. She was mobbed by the young Nortons. "We're moving into your part of the house," they told her. "Help us lug things, Jinky.'

"But there's only one vacant room in our

wing," she reminded her mother.

"I know. But I told Midge you wouldn't mind sleeping in the yellow room and letting

her have your room.

Carrying bedding and clothes from one wing to the other, Jinky passed and repassed the professor's room in the center section. His door was open, and she was amused to see brand-new ski pants lying beside an oldfashioned white nightshirt on his bed.

It took so long to settle the Norton children that, except for Pete, the lounge was empty when she returned. Dropping down on the Navajo rug, Jinky leaned her head against the bench on which he was sitting.

'I know I closed the stove door and put the fire out with snow before I left." Pete leaned forward and grasped her shoulder. "You believe that, don't you, Jinky?"

Reluctant to answer, she ran her finger along a crack in the floor and idly inspected the thin coat of dust on it. Then, suddenly reminded of something, she turned and met Pete's eyes. "Of course I do! Do you remember Midge's saying there wasn't enough dust for two to sweep? Well, any place that has been locked for over twenty years should have been dirtier. Someone had been there, Someone besides ourselves must have keys to the cabins!"

Pete nodded. "I'd figured that, too. Only, why would anyone rebuild the fire after we left?"

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"People in the village are going to say it was the ghost. "Ghosts don't need heat," Pete laughed.

Then his puzzled frown returned. "There was something in that cabin this afternoon that wasn't quite right." He got to his feet and stretched. "Guess

I'll go down and spend the night there. Unless I want your parents and Larry Flynn to think I'm irresponsible, I've got to find out who was in that cabin and why.

INKY wasn't sure that she was really awake when she first became aware of the professor. She closed her eyes tight and opened them again. Yes, she was awake, and the nightshirt she had seen earlier on the professor's bed was making a splash of white against the dark wall of the yellow room.

She called softly, "Professor!"

Without answering he continued his slow

glide and was gone.

Jinky swung her legs out of bed. He must be sleepwalking. She would have to get a bathrobe over that nightshirt, or he would catch cold. But by the time she reached the hall, he had vanished.

At the top of the stairs she switched on the lights. A snore came gently to her ears. Crossing to the open door of the professor's room, she peered in. He was sleeping peacefully on his back. Amused and relieved, Jinky drew the disarranged covers up around him.

Her own covers, flung hastily aside, offered chilly comfort when she returned to them. Her quilt had slipped to the floor, and she couldn't find it in the dark. With sprigs of yellow flowers on a white ground, it should have been as visible as the professor's nightshirt, but there was nothing but blackness everywhere.

(Continued on page 36)

### SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE ADVENTURES OF ICHABOD AND MR. TOAD - Walt Disney has brought two of your favorite classics to the screen. Bing Crosby sings and talks the rale of Ichabod Crane in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." And Basil Rathbone tells about the misadventures of Mr. Tead of "Wind in the Willows." Eric Blore is Mr. Toad. You will enjoy every fascinating moment of this double feature in one package.



JOLSON SINGS AGAIN-The title explains everything. Here is a sequel that is just as good as the original story. Once more Larry Parks takes over the Jolson role and sings his way through a fine new musical. Pretty Barbara Hale is Mrs. Jolson in this picture, but you'll find the other characters as they were in "The Joison Story." Put this one down as sure-fire enter-tainment loaded with music.



MY FRIEND IRMA-If you've heard them on the air, you are already familiar with that adorable dumb bunny, Irma (Marie Wilson), whose every effort to do good causes much confusion; her patient, long-suffering friend Jane (Diana Lynn); and her boy friend Al (John Lund). Add the antics of those new mad comics, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and you know you're in for lots of really side-splitting laughter.



THE GUINEA PIG - Jack Read (Richard Attenborough), son of a London tobacconist, receives a scholarship to a very exclusive school. He is to be observed to discover whether it is possible for him to adapt himself to his new environment. The story of his difficulties, his suffering, and his ultimate success makes a very stirring and inspiring movie. It gives you a fresh appreciation of the democratic way of life.

by Carol Crane



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### **Garnet Lodge**

(Continued from page 35)

Jinky shivered. The bureau was white, and she couldn't see that, either! Then how had she been able to see the professor? The answer which flashed into her mind sent cold ripples of fear through her. Nothing real, no matter how white, would show in such darkness as this! She had not seen the professor!

"There is no such thing as a ghost!" Jinky told herself, as one wave of terror receded. And then, with the next, "Cousin Larry said Great-Uncle Stephen wore a white night-

shirt!

She lighted her bedside lamp and took a deep, steadying breath. In nightmares you can pinch yourself sometimes and believe you are awake. What she had taken for reality must have been a terrifying dream. Even so, she didn't want to risk dreaming it again, so she read until she heard her father go downstairs to start the morning fires.

When next she woke, it was ten o'clock. Curiosity as to whether Pete had discovered anything at the cabins was strong, and her nightmare seemed very remote. Dressing quickly, she ran down to the lounge, but Pete wasn't there. He must have overslept.

Her father was in the office when Jinky went to get her skis. "Pete spent the night at the cabins," she explained. "He thought it might help him figure how the fire started. I'll go down and send him up for breakfast.

Bill Sanders looked up from his account book. "He's already had breakfast and gone.

"To the mountain?"

"Back to college.

"Back to college! Why? He wasn't leaving

until tonight!

Her father closed the ledger. "Jinky, this is going to be hard to take. I know you liked Pete. So did I, but apparently we were wrong and Larry was right. He is irresponsible. He told me he'd changed his mind about the cabins-that they weren't convenient enough. Since Larry never approved the deal he jumped at the chance to advance two hundred dollars to pay Pete back and drove him down to the train with the Nortons.

"Oh, no!" Jinky protested. "Why, Pete was the most responsible-the most depend-

"Sorry, but that's the way it is. I gave it to you straight." He put his arm around her. Jinky broke away and bolted from the room. On her way to the stairs, she ran blindly into the bear. Something inside her snapped, and she slapped the stuffed animal so hard that her hand stung.

(To be continued)

### You Asked About-

(Continued from page 21)

rolled on rags or curlers, and brushed or combed under. If it is too long for a pageboy, try this: part your hair in the middle and make two small braids on either side, using all the hair in front of your ears. Bring these braids together at the crown of your head and fasten them with a barrette or clips, leaving the back hair hanging free. For a party touch, braid velvet ribbons in with hair and tie them with a small bow at the top of your head.

O. Is a lemon rinse drying to the hair? Will it keep blond hair from darkening?

A. The juice of a lemon, mixed with about

a pint of water, may be used in the next-tolast rinse water to give the hair gloss, and cut any soap deposit or film left on the hair. If it is rinsed out with plain water there is no reason why it should be drying. Since lemon has a mild bleaching action, it may help keep blond hair from darkening.

Q. I have been promised my first permanent for my birthday. I live on a farm that is quite a trip from the nearest beauty shop, and I want to know if you would advise me

to try a home permanent.

A. Since the home permanents have been on the market, almost as many refills have been sold as the complete kits. This seems pretty good evidence that millions of people who have used them find them satisfactory, Most of the popular brands of home permanents are based on the same principle as the beauty-shop cold wave, and they have all been carefully tested to give best results if directions are followed to the letter. However. you will certainly want to enlist your mother or sister to help you with the process involved.

O. I have some natural curl in my hair but have to put it up every night to keep it looking nice. This takes a long time and means sleeping on bumpy curlers. Would you advise me to get a permanent?

A. Most girls who have permanents find they have to put up their hair once or twice between shampoos to keep it in shape. Of course the curl does stay in better, and you might find that you wouldn't have to set it between shampoos. But have you ever tried putting your hair up damp on ribbon curlers, or winding it on strips of soft rags? These are better to sleep on and easy to use.

Q. I have had dandruff for about a year. Nothing I can do seems to help it. Can you

give me some advice?

A. A certain amount of flaking of the scalp is perfectly normal. However, an excess of this flaking, or a crusty formation on the scalp, is abnormal and needs special treatment. Since this condition may lead to loss of hair if it persists, it is a wise plan to get the advice of a dermatologist. A mild dandruff condition usually can be checked by a careful routine of frequent shampooing, daily brushing and massage, and the faithful use of one the special antiseptic dandruff lotions which are on the market. But consult your doctor first. Since many authorities believe that some types of dandruff are infectious, don't lend or borrow combs or brushes; do shampoo your hair after trying on hats.

Q. I have naturally curly hair, and believe me, I hate it. No matter how I try to fix it, it

ends up just plain kinky.

A. If your hair is expertly thinned and shaped, chances are you will find its curliness a great asset. One of the very popular short, soft hairdos should be just the thing for you, and you will enjoy the way you can simply brush it dry after shampooing. Perhaps one of the new cream rinses will make your hair softer and more manageable. But above all, you must do your hair justice by having proper-and rather frequent-cuts.

Q. I have very fine hair that just won't hold a wave. Is there any way to give it

more body?

A. A soft permanent may well be the solution to your problem. It will give your hair more body and make it easier to keep curled. There are also special dealcoholized shampoos and rinses on the market which aren't drying and, like the new cream rinses, tend to give the hair more body.

THE END

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Are you in the know?



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#### "home date" How to outsmart the type?

Use the hat-and-gloves approach

- Padlock the ice-box Plant junior in the parlor
- 'Tisn't that he hasn't the moola-or that you're glitter-minded. So, if every date's a "home" deal, better change his pinch-penny ways. To say "come y'aout" - greet him dressed for gallivanting: if only to the local Cokery. Or suggest bowling; or the skating rink . . . and if it's calendar time, no matter.

You'll be comfortable with the new Kotex, for this new softness holds its shape. After all, isn't Kotex made to stay soft while

you wear it?



Which suit should the lofty lassie wear?

- The one on the right The one on the left
- The one in the center

Ever feel as though you're built on stilts? Be wiser than the tall teen pictured here and shy away from vertical stripes. Likewise from an outfit that's all one tone. The suit on the right breaks height . . . you'll discover a contrasting jacket brings you down a peg! There's a difference in different girls' needs; on problem days, as well. For which Kotex gives you a choice of 3 absorbencies. Try Regular, Junior, Super. There's one exactly right for you.



#### To be the picture of poise, try -

- A blasé attitude
- ☐ That "casual" slump
- Sitting pretty

You may be a walking posture lesson, but how do you fare with a chair? Plop down? Recline on the tip of your spine? Lady, be seated gracefully, with your weight on the foot nearest the chair. "Sit tall"; keeping soles of feet on floor. Correct posture's a poise-magnet. Also helps avoid "that day" discomfort - and you'll feel so at ease when you've chosen Kotex. For extra protection, there's an exclusive safety center. (Boo coo welcome feature - n'est-ce pas?)



If he spilled a soda on your best dress, would you-

- ☐ Grieve and leave
- Grin and forget
- Call the manager

You know the fizzician didn't drench you on purpose. Why brow-beat the poor guy? Grin . . . say the dress can be easily cleaned, then forget it. That's good sportsmanship. And it jet-propels your rating. Your confidence, too, hits the stratosphere-when you hurdle "certain" handicaps with Kotex. Because those special, flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines, you can forget you were ever self-conscious.



More women choose KOTEX\* than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



#### A belt made with DUPONT NYLON ELASTIC

-won't twist-won't curl -won't cut!

It's sensational! This new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt gives 118% stretch -yet it's strong, smooth-feeling, light weight, quick drying. Stays flat, dainty-looking, even after many tubbings! This Kotex Belt won't bind-and you'll find the new firm-grip fastener easier, quicker to use! For utmost comfort-buy the new, nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES: Pin style and with new safety fastener

Kotex Wonderform Belt

Buy two-for a change

## It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Jiffy Mailer: This convenient gadget would be especially useful around Christmastime! It holds a full roll of postage stamps, which you can buy at any post office, and with one easy movement of the thumb, a stamp is moistened, detached, and affixed to your letter. It may be used, too, for sealing envelopes.

Shampoo Cape: You'll find many uses for this transparent plastic cape with convenient pockets across the front to hold comb, brush, hairpins, and curlers. Fastened up the front with a zipper and tied at the waist, it fits snugly around the neck and completely covers shoulders and back.





Handy Hamper: For kitchen, bathroom, or bedroom, this comes in white or a variety of pastel colors. It is self-ventilating, and fits on the wall or any standard-size door. On washday, a touch of the hand at the bottom, and the laundry drops out, with no yanking or pulling.

Button, Button!: Want to give a smart, professional touch to a home-sewn dress, hand-knitted sweater, or crochet bag? Or perhaps replacing lost, or worn, covered buttons is your problem. There's a service available now through which, by sending in a small swatch of fabric, a sample of yarn, or an old covered button, you can get plastic buttons, in a variety of styles and sizes, dyed to match the sample exactly.





Shopping Joy: A shopper's dream come true is this nylon bag with strong handles, which weighs only two ounces, but will hold up to one hundred pounds! Folded neatly into a small plastic pouch, it slips into your purse without a bulge. It comes in brown and gray and, should it become soiled, can be washed and dried in a matter of minutes.

Trick for Typing: A boon to anyone who types, experienced or beginner, is a typing position gauge with which each page can be laid out. It is particularly helpful in determining the location of center position and any position to left or right of center; in finding the number of characters in a line of a given length, and the number of lines which will fit on a page. This gauge is available without charge.





Party Palette: Here's an attractive as well as useful party accessory, which comes in sets of four and will eliminate juggling and spills. It is a colorful plastic tray shaped like an artist's palette, with a special place for a glass or cup, and plenty of room for sandwiches, snacks, or a slice of cake. Makes a nice hostess or shower gift, too.

Cylinder Tray: With this icebox tray which makes cylinders instead of cubes, you can make fresh-fruit pop sticks, and intrigue guests with ice cylinders in their beverages. Try it for molding salads, desserts, or ice cream. And it's ideal for picnics and school lunch boxes, for the cylinders slip easily into any thermos bottle, without chopping or crushing.





For Your Pup: Anyone who walks the dog will appreciate this leash which can be lengthened or shortened in a jiffy. Just decide the length of leash you want and fasten the stationary harness snap to the proper eyelet. It makes an excellent training leash, too.

Bolsters Made Easy: This device is said to make bedmaking really simple, and to give a firm, neat bolster. It consists of two dowel rods, a pillow wrap, and two buttons. Just place a regular bed pillow on it, draw the wrap around the pillow, button it, and you have a perfect bolster.



If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### Terry and the Team

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(Continued from page 7)

The next afternoon Terry took the girls over to Clinton early for a pre-game warm-up. The high-school coach they had invited to referee the game sent word that she would be delayed, but to go ahead with Terry and the Clinton coach refereeing. They took up their positions and the game got under way.

The first two quarters were a shooting battle between Clara and the Clinton captain. The score was tied 24-24 at the end of the half. Then Clinton's captain tried a bit of strategy that made Terry's hair stand on end. She put a substitute forward in her own place, and played guard over Clara herself.

Clara didn't like this new situation at all. But there was nothing she could do. She tried every trick in the book—one-hand push shots, two-hand overhead throws—to no avail. The ball reached her hands much less frequently now, and even when it did, her speedy guard was there every time. The other P. S. 71 forwards had not had enough practice to sink many baskets under the difficult conditions of fast play. They had relied on Clara—and now they were stymied.

Terry saw that the girl was getting angry. This was the first real opposition she had met, and she couldn't take it.

The Clinton coach called a foul on Clara for pushing. Free throw for Clinton. One of their forwards with a neat chest shot sank the ball cleanly, and the score was 33-29 in favor of Clinton.

TERRY'S weary team walked out on the court for the last quarter. They were overeager, their footwork was poor. Time after time, their guards were pulled out of position and only lightning interception, born of desperation, kept the ball out of the Clinton basket.

Finally Fire-Top made a desperate pass over one shoulder and Clara, in a long reach over center line, pulled in the ball. But the Clinton captain was right there. Then she and Clara tangled and fell. There was a mad scramble and Clara rose with the ball in her hands.

The Clinton captain struggled to get up, but fell back in pain. Her teammates helped her over to the bench. Some one sent for the "Y" nurse, and the Clinton coach blew her whistle for the game to continue.

Terry's whistle shrilled. "Wait a minute," she called to the other referee. "That was a deliberate foul. Clara's out."

Clara protested angrily, as did the rest of the team, but Terry was firm. The Clinton coach called time for five minutes.

Terry followed her team slowly back to their bench. They'd surely lose the game now. She knew she'd won the respect and liking of the girls in the last few weeks, but how they must hate her now! She sighed heavily. Thank goodness her job next year would be so different from this!

She looked at the tired, dejected girls slumped on the bench. Poor kids. They'd worked so hard—and now to lose by a few

Terry sat quietly for another minute, then threw back her shoulders and got up. Perhaps the girls wouldn't listen, but she could try. "Maybe we can still win this game, but even if we don't we can give Clinton some opposition they won't forget for a long time."

The team looked at her questioningly.

"You remember that pivot play we worked out way back in the beginning?" Terry continued. "Well, I've been watching the Clinton defensive play carefully, and I think they'd be clay pigeons for a trick play like that."

There were four minutes left to play when the game was resumed. Terry wiped her moist hands on her skirt, her eyes on her three key players. Clara, alone in one corner of the gym, was watching intently, too.

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Fire-Top jumped high in the air, grabbed the ball, and threw a high, perfect pass to Rose. Rose's: guard was right there. Terry held her breath. She watched Rose come suddenly to a dead stop, with her right foot ahead of her left. Then the little Chinese girl shifted her weight quickly to her back foot and whirled around on it, swinging her right foot around at the side. The guard was thrown off balance. She made a desperate lunge toward Rose's right hand, which held the ball. This completed her undoing. She staggered forward, completely off balance, as Rose transferred the ball quickly to her left hand and made a short pass to Helen.

Helen, unguarded, took deliberate aim, and threw the ball straight from the chest. While everyone stopped breathing, it circled the rim twice and dropped through the

Terry felt a glow of pride. No matter what happened now, P. S. 71 had shown its spirit. What good sports they were, and how well they were working together now!

Fighting their hardest, P. S. 71 could score no more baskets, but neither could Clinton. The game ended with the score 33-31. The tired P. S. 71 team, congratulating the winners, basked in a chorus of acclaim from the Clinton team and coach.

"You were swell!" said the Clinton captain heartily. "Mighty tough to beat."

Terry caught a glimpse of Clara over the heads of the other girls. "She looks scared," Terry thought, "as if she's just found out her basket-throwing ability isn't enough, nor her bullying, either."

The rest of the team gathered around Terry, who praised them sincerely and heartily. "I didn't think you could hold Clinton to such a score—not in a million years," she told them.

"With the right coach," Fire-Top said, glancing slyly at Terry, "and a whole season to practice together, don't you think we might trim Clinton next year?"

What a team they could have next year! Terry was amazed at the strength of the hurt, jealous feeling she experienced at the idea of turning them over to a strange coach. But there was that good job at the club.

She gave her shoulders a shake. "Of course you'll trim Clinton next year," she told them confidently. "With the spirit and teamwork you showed today, nothing will beat you."

She said good-by and walked quickly out of the gym.

"Oh, Terry, wait a minute—please!" Clara, came running up, the rest of the team behind her. She blurted out, "Please, won't you stay and coach our team? You won't have to worry about me trying to be a prima donna, or about any more fouls. I promise."

"We need you," Fire-Top added simply. Terry knew that she couldn't leave-she had to help them beat Clinton. Nothing the new job had to offer could give her what she'd found here.

Smiling at Clara and the others, she promised, "I'll be on hand next year—and watch out, Clinton!"

THE END

## I meet so many interesting people!



JANE likes people. That's one of the reasons she's so good at her job as a teller with the Bell Telephone Company.

She enjoys talking with people who come into the business office. She's friendly because she *feels* that way.

And she takes pride in being accurate as she receives payments and counts change.

Jane is just one of many young girls who find satisfaction in bringing such a dependable and vital service to everyone — and doing it in a courteous, helpful fashion.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM









CTOBER 30 to November 5! Yes, those are

the dates for this year's Girl Scout Week

-a whole week for Brownie, Inter-

mediate, and Senior Girl Scouts to celebrate the

birthday of Juliette Low, who founded Girl

Scouting in the United States thirty-seven years

the occasion? Why not have a red-letter meeting,

or put on a party in addition to your regular troop

meeting? Since each day of Girl Scout Week has

a special theme, you'll have no end of exciting

ideas. Girl Scout Sunday, of course, is the day

when Scouts in uniform attend services of their

own faith, Monday is Homemaking Day; Tues-

day, Citizenship; Wednesday, Health and Safety;

Thursday, International Friendship; Friday is set

aside for Arts and Crafts, and Saturday for the

Let's say you've settled on Thursday for your

gala celebration of the week. What could be more

appropriate than an International Friendship

theme? For Scouting is more than just a troop

meeting in your town-it's a band of friendship

Perhaps you'll invite several troops to an Inter-

Has your troop planned something special for

national costume party. To break the ice, you might appoint a master of ceremonies and run off a mock radio-quiz show, with prepared questions on Scouting around the world. If there are girls with different national backgrounds in your group, work up some questions on customs, geography, and history, as well as on Scouting and Guiding, to bring out interesting information and make your guests feel at home. Or, perhaps the radio chairman of your council can arrange for you and another troop to put on a real quiz show at a local radio station.

If a troop is giving a party for its sponsors, troop committee, or mothers and dads, a quiz is a lively way to tell them more about Scouting. Sometimes the PTA asks the Girl Scouts to put on a program at one of their meetings, or the school turns over assembly hour to Girl Scouts-and here the quiz fits in again. Instead of having a master of ceremonies there might be two teams, A and B, with Captain A and Captain B asking the questions.

Allow each contestant thirty seconds in which to answer and keep the quiz moving. One or two girls should be in charge of opening and closing the quiz with general remarks about Girl Scout

The following twenty questions on World Scouting may give you some ideas, and even form the basis for your troop's quiz party

Incidentally, do you know a padvinster from a trefoil? Take your pencil in hand and find out how much you know about World Scouting. One of the three choices given for each question is true. The answers are on page 41. Allow 5 points for each correct answer-100 is perfect.

1. March 12 is: a) Thinking Day; b) Brownie Fly-up Dav; e) Girl Scout Birthday.

2. Juliette Low World Friendship Fund is: a) a fund to build a house in memory of Juliette Low; b) a fund in memory of Juliette Low to promote Girl Guiding and Girl Scouting throughout the world, as a contribution toward world peace and good will; c) a gift to Girl Scouts from Mrs. Low's sister.

3. Girl Scouts are members of: a) a regional organization; b) a world-wide organization;

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Philippines

















South Africa

Australia Great Britain



that extends around the world.





Two seals for the same country indicate the existence of two branches of the Girl Scout movement there.











Out-of-Doors.

Czechoslovakia

Norwa

- c) a North American organization.
- 4. Brownies in India are called: a) Juniors; b) Saridipurs; c) Bluebirds.
- 5. Muskegon is: a) Guatemalan Intermediate Guide; b) site of Girl Guide and Girl Scout Western Hemisphere Camp in 1949; c) birthplace of Girl Scouting in the United States.
- 6. Tancuj is: a) favorite Girl Scout folk song; b) part of Indian Girl Guide uniform; c) Irish Brownie Scout.
- 7. The World Bureau is located in: a) New York; b) London; c) Brazil.
- A Padvinster is: a) a Netherlands Girl Scout; b) a Swiss hiking boot; c) a leader in Finland.
- 9. Member countries of the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts number: a) 5; b) 12; c) 29.
- 10. Senior Scouts in England are called: a) Senior Guides; b) Rangers; c) Majorettes.
- 11. Ole Valmis is: a) Swedish Girl Guide camp; b) Canadian Guiding song; c) the Girl Scout Motto in Finish, meaning Be Prepared.
- 12. Philippine Scouts say the Promise in English or in: a) Dutch; b) Tagalog: c) Chinese.
- 13. Coccinelle is the word for: a) a beanhole supper recipe; b) a favorite game of French Girl Scouts; c) Italian Brownie Scouts.
- 14. Girl Scouts in the United States have been organized for: a) 18 years; b) 25 years; c) 37 years.

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- 15. The Scout symbol throughout the world is a: a) clover leaf; b) trefoil; c) gold star.
- 16. The International Post Box which links Girl Scouts and Girl Guides for correspondence was started by: a) Queen Victoria; b) Juliette Low; c) Kari Aas of Norway.
- 17. Adelboden is associated with: a) Our Chalet; b) New Zealand Guiders' Motto; c) a knot used in lashing.
- 18. The World Flag is: a) green and gold stripes; b) blue stars on a white ground; c) blue with a gold trefoil.
- 19. The Girl Scout handshake is: a) clasping left elbows; b) shaking hands with left hand while giving the salute with the right; c) hooking little fingers of right hand.
- 20. Our Ark is: a) The Low homestead in Savannah: b) Girl Scout floating hospital; c) small international hostel in London.

For help in formulating more questions, you'll find a wealth of material in a brandnew book on Guiding and Scouting around the globe, "Hands Around the World" (catalogue No. 20-421, \$1.50, National Equipment Service, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17).

THE END

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· Girl Scout Mariners went down to the sea again this summer aboard the brigantine Yankee, sailing the northeastern coast from New York to Portland, Maine. The ship, a North Sea German pilot boat captured by the British in World War II, was purchased by Captain Irving Johnson, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and converted into a two-masted sailing vessel which he named the Yankee, for his former schooner on which many Girl Scout Mariners had cruised before the war. Mariners from New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Delaware, and Connecticut booked the ship solid from June 25 through September 3, different units chartering if each week. With the exception of five men in the engine room and galley, the ninety-six foot, steel-hulled vessel was manned by the girls. The Mariners charted their course, took the helm, handled the sails stood watch, and swabbed the decks. Typical of the girls who sailed with Captain Johnson are the Mariners from the ship "Water Witch," of Maplewood, New Jersey. All through the winter and spring, these sixteen teen-age girls practiced knot tying, splicing, and charting; studied navigation aids and regulations, tides and currents; kept their swimming up to par in the high school pool. To earn the necessary sixty dollars for the cruise, they set up a central job exchange, and hired themselves out as check-room attendants at dances, as cleanup squads for dinners and parties; washed cars and dogs; ran refreshment concessions. As a result of their hard work, they inaugurated the Yankee's summer cruise. A different kind of was enjoyed by other Mariners this summer aboard the "cruise" Joseph Conrad, an old-time windjammer, which once served as a training ship for our own United States Maritime Service, now permanently berthed at the Marine Museum in Mystic, Connecticut. The ship doesn't leave port, but living aboard her affords essentially the same experiences as a cruise at sea. This summer twelve Mariner troops, in groups of from ten to thirty-four, lived aboard her, standing

regular watches, maintaining a weather station, keeping a log of their activities. Officer of the deck, bos'un, and orderlies made up the duty crews, and shipboard customs and traditions were carried out.

• Dramatics have been receiving a lot of attention from Girl Scouts around the country. Troop 58 of Detroit, Michigan, presented a variety show, "Realms of Fantasy," for the benefit of their meeting place, Fellowship Hall, which is used by many youth organizations. Their show included a Gay Nineties scene with costumes, dialogue, songs, and dances of the period; a scene featuring Our Chalet in Switzerland, with a realistic chalet perched on a cardboard mountain, and girls dressed in costumes of different countries singing international songs; a dramatization of "America the Beautiful"; and a dance drill, which they worked out for themselves, featuring good posture. All of the participants earned Player, Play Director, and Dramatics badges, in addition to fulfilling some of the requirements for Folk Dancing, My Country, and Personal Health badges. Another group of Girl Scouts, in Ortonville, Minnesota, presented a short play, based on the home life of a Minnesota frontier family, in honor of the Minnesota Centennial. The historical background of Big Stone County also was featured in a fashion show in which the Scouts modeled old-fashioned costumes lent by families in the county for the occasion. Troop 31 of Indianapolis, Indiana, in order to fulfill the last requirement for their Troop Dramatics badge, staged a comedy, "Cabbages and Kings," before an audience of over five hundred people. The girls assigned the parts and made their own costumes. The first showing was to their mothers, the principal and teachers for their grade school; the second was for the entire school. A fourth group of Girl Scouts, of Deming, New Mexico, presented a short play called "Judgment Day," in which the actors played the roles of Girl Scout leaders.

• A roundup of fifteen hundred Girl Scouts certainly presents a challenge to the imagination, but the program committee of the Santa Ana Area of Orange County, California, met the challenge with enthusiasm, and the Area's annual Girl Scout meeting this year was one of their most successful. The Roundup was held on the twenty-two thousand acre Rancho San Niguel, famous for its vast herds of Hereford cattle and its annual cattle roundups. The owners of the ranch turned over twenty-five acres to the Girl Scouts, cowboys herded the cattle that roamed the area to another part of the ranch, and the perfect setting was ready.

Each girl packed her own nose-bag lunch and brought a canteen of water. Individual troops were given definite assignments: first-aid duties were assigned to one, cleaning up was the responsibility of others; one troop painted road signs, and others set up primitive latrines in a wooded ravine. Everyone had a job to do, a contribution to make. Weeks before the Roundup, each participating troop designed a brand and made a woodcut of it. The local Girl Scout Equipment Agency contributed a yellow cotton neckerchief for each girl on which these brands could be stamped, and the exchanging and stamping of brands was a highlight of the day. In all of the communities in the area, large or small, willing helpers were found. One community provided a volunteer registered nurse for the first-aid station. A sheriff's office contributed a car for emergency duty. A minister lent his sound truck, so that the announcements could be heard clearly. The day started with the sounding of assembly by the bugle at ten thirty, followed by the presentation of the colors by Mariner Scouts. Then the fifteen hundred Girl Scouts spread out across the meadows in the form of a gigantic horseshoe and sang "America the Beautiful." After the order of the day was announced-with special emphasis on the Rules of the Trail-there was an hour of fun as the girls hunted for two hundred previously hidden horseshoes. Next came the neckerchief branding, then lunch, followed by a brief siesta. After this, the Rhythm Riders of Orange County presented their horse show, with all types of fancy riding and a square dance on horseback. The day ended with taps, and the success of the day was plainly seen in fifteen hundred faces.

• For weeks before the Fourth of July, the Girl Scouts of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, spent every spare moment working on the float which they planned to enter in the parade to be held on that date, to commemorate Greensburg's sesquicentennial. The Railway Industrial Company of Greensburg supplied the material and helped with some of the difficult construction, but except for this, it was enirely the work of the girls. They reaped the reward of their hard work, however, when their colorful float with its gay decorations of Girl Scout insignia and pennants, carrying girls who represented the various Scout groups, drew waves of applause as it rolled along. And best of all, it won the second prize of twenty-five dollars for civic floats.

• When the Wing Scouts of Detroit, Michigan took over the publication of an issue of the "Aviation Digest," they started an exciting chain of events. One of the first results of this issue, which played up the Wing Scout program of the Girls Scouts, was an invitation from the Aero Club of Michigan to take part in their Win-A-Plane contest. The girls sold memberships, at ten dollars each, in the Aero Club of Michigan, and when the returns were all in, the Wing Scouts had sold a total of one hundred and five memberships, which put them at the top of the list. They were presented with the plane, a Cessna 120, at a banquet which was attended by many important figures in aviation. Next, the Wing Scouts were offered facilities at the Joy Airport which made it possible for them to have a room of their own there, a hangar that can be cleared for boy-and-girl parties, and facilities for outdoor cooking. Moreover, girls who wish to do so may spend week-ends at the Airport washing planes-being paid either in money, which goes to the Wing Scout fund, or in plane rides. Having learned the art of washing an airplane, the girls are now preparing to embark on a plane-washing concession. A second project undertaken at the Airport was the running of a refreshment stand on week-ends. This proved to be an excellent moneyraising project and also gave the girls valuable business experience. Leaders and girls feel that all this is just a beginning to other even more important projects. THE END



Top: Santa Ana Area Scouts at their roundup on Rancho San Niguel

Center: Play-giving is lots of fun for Deming, New Mexico, Scouts

Bottom: Greensburg, Pennsylvania, applauded this float made by Scouts

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#### Winter Garden

(Continued from page 16)

your collection of china animals. And don't forget the top of the bookcase. It may become a jungle of greenery; or one accent—such as a stark snake plant—may be all you want.

Had you thought of using plants as book ends? They can be planted in modernistic pottery especially designed for this purpose, or you can improvise your own from heavy colored bottles such as those prune juice comes in. Simply fill them with water and insert sprays of ivy or philodendron.

Scrubbed clay flowerpots containing graceful, healthy plants are decorative in themselves, but the pots can be painted any color your scheme demands. You can paint them white and use decals; or be an artist and give them a free-hand border of yellow daisies, red apples, or other gay motif.

Now to the window—which, after all, is the place for an indoor garden. The possibilities are endless. You can use hanging plants in wire brackets at the sides; or you may want a living, green curtain—easy with sweet-potato vines set at each end of the window sill and, with gentle coaxing at the start, trained to climb up string or piano wire.

If your window has a wide sill, arrange your pots directly on it, a saucer under each pot. Or set your potted plants in a low tray—you can use a shallow, rectangular baking dish. Fill with pebbles and water, and keep the water just below the top of the pebbles.

If you want straight, modern lines, consider hiding your clay pots behind a wooden indoor window box. Make it to fit the length of your window, and six inches wide by six inches deep; paint it to suit your color scheme. Fill it with damp peat moss and sink the plants in it up to the rims of their pots. Hardware or department stores have a variety of ready-made indoor metal boxes,

To vary the eye level of the window garden, there are hanging shelves, often glass (an idea for your Christmas list) for the upper part of the window, and plant stands for the space between the sill and the floor. The stores offer very swish plant stands, but you can make your own from wooden packing boxes arranged in a modified step pattern and painted one harmonious color; or follow the directions in your July, 1949, issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL for making a step bookcase. If your only source of fresh air is the indoor-garden window, and you have the problem of moving your plants out of range of direct drafts every night, castors on your plant stand will simplify this shifting.

There is nothing magical or mysterious about growing plants indoors. They don't thrive in dry, stuffy air any more than we do—so for their health as well as your own, keep a pan of water on the radiator. Water your plants as often as the soil dries out, generally three or four times a week. But plants dislike having wet feet, so don't let water stand in the saucer after the soil is well moistened. Plants such as ivy, philodendron, and sweet potato, which will root and grow in a jar of water, are easy to care for. Just add enough water occasionally to make up for that lost by evaporation.

If you want to feed your plants, buy special fertilizer tablets, which cost about ten cents in most seed stores, and always follow the directions on the package. An overdose will harm, rather than help.

Spraying plants once a week at the kitchen sink with clear water will wash off dust, help to keep that moist atmosphere they like so much, and discourage insect pests. Red-spider mites—tiny, reddish, spider-shaped pests which spin minute webs over plant leaves as they suck out vital juices, are often the cause of yellowing and falling leaves. Once they've appeared, the plant will need a cool-water

#### OPEN NOW!

#### THE RECIPE EXCHANGE

Your AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department and have your favorite recipe published. This new feature will make its first appearance in the January, 1950 issue. All entries must reach us by October 15.

Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the next "Recipe Exchange." For example, one month it might be puddings, another salads, or casserole dishes. For January, it is to be CAKES. So, select your favorite cake recipe, test it once more for accuracy, and send it to us. Remember—the recipe must be one that you yourself have used successfully—one that you and your family especially enjoy.

JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the outstanding contributions which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed The AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

Here are the rules, Follow them carefully.

 Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper only.

 In the upper right-hand corner of the page, state your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
 List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of the AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, American Girl Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

bath under the faucet, and each leaf must be gently scrubbed-fingers preferred.

Some morning, one of your plants may appear to be covered with cotton fluff. This is the outer covering of the mealy bug. These pests are easy to see, and can be picked off one by one with a water-color brush or a cotton swab dipped in alcohol.

Start off your house-plant venture with grapefruit and oranges—seeds which are available from the breakfast table! Plant (dried out or not) about an inch apart in a flowerpot and lightly cover with soil, which must be kept moist, but never sopping wet.

The next time you have an avocado, sal-

vage the seed and hang it in a pickle jar filled with water, placing the fat end down and just touching the water. Three toothpicks gently stuck into the sides will support it at the right level. When a green shoot and lusty white roots appear, the avocado can be planted in a small (about four inches in diameter) pot of soil with one half of the seed protruding from the soil.

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Pits from packaged dates can be pressed into pots of soil, kept moist, and will grow eventually into miniature palm trees. Another tropical plant is the pineapple. Cut off the crown of spiny leaves, with a thin slice of the fruit attached, and plant it in a pot.

Of course you won't be likely to harvest any fruit, but all of these plants make fresh, bright-green foliage. When they begin to fade start new ones

If you want a plant that is quick and easy to grow, as well as graceful, pick out a well-sprouted sweet potato. Suspend it in a glass jar so that only the lower part sits in the water. In a short time shoots will grow with lush abandon and frame your window.

Also from the kitchen come carrots, beets, and rutabagas. Take one of these—not wizened, but fresh and plump—trim back the green tops until about an inch remains, and slice off all but two or three inches of the vegetable itself. Stand upright in a shallow dish filled with pebbles and water, so that the water is below the top of the vegetable, and in almost no time you'll have a bowl of fernlike greenery.

These fugitives from the kitchen are just an introduction to house plants. Later you may want to invest in begonias, geraniums, ferns, and perhaps even African violets. Save your allowance; watch the plant counters of dime and department stores, as well as the local florist (for under fifty cents you can buy small specimens of many of the plants mentioned) and don't hesitate to add plants to your Christmas and birthday lists. We know of one girl who was a sensation because she received a small gardenia plant and was able to grow and wear her own gardenias!

Lastly, delve into the many helpful books on house plants in your public library. These are full of fascinating advice on indoor gardening for beginner and expert alike.

THE END

#### **Icebox Bonus**

(Continued from page 14)

#### TOASTED CHICKEN ROLLS

4 hamburger rolls
1 ½ tablespoons
minced onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine

1 cup minced leftover chicken 1/2 teaspoon salt Few grains pepper

Cut thin slices from tops of rolls. Scoop out centers; shred into fine crumbs. You should have about 1 cup of crumbs. Brown onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; add crumbs. Add chicken, salt and pepper and heat. Melt remaining shortening and brush on rolls. Heat rolls in hot oven (400°) 10 minutes; fill with chicken mixture. If desired, a poached egg may be placed on each roll just before serving.

#### FRENCH TOAST

1 egg, slightly beaten 1/3 cup milk ¼ teaspoon salt 6 slices leftover bread Combine egg with milk and salt. Cut each slice of bread in half. Dip in egg-milk mixture and saute in butter or margarine until browned on both sides. For breakfast, serve hot with syrup, honey, jam, or jelly. For supper, serve with creamed fish, dried beef, or ground chicken.

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#### GRAPE TRIFLE

2 cups milk 2 cups leftover
3 eggs cake, cut in
4 tablespoons granulated sugar ¼ cup grape or
½ teaspoon salt currant jelly

Scald the milk in a double boiler. Beat the eggs slightly, stir in the sugar and salt. Add the milk, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Return to the double boiler and cook over hot water until the mixture just coats the spoon, stirring constantly, (about 7 or 8 minutes). Remove at once from heat; cool, add the vanilla, and chill. Place ½ of the cake cubes in the bottom of a bowl and dot with 2 tablespoons of jelly. Add ½ the remaining cubes and dot over with the remaining jelly. Top with the rest of the cake and pour the custard over all. Chill and serve in individual dishes, each topped with a bit of jelly. Serves 6.

#### ATTENTION, RECIPE COLLECTORS!

Send for your twenty-third AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! A collection of ingenious leftover dishes that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First through twenty-second folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now. Send us 6c for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use this handy coupon for ordering.

Here's the handy coupon for ordering American Girl Recipe File folders and the loose-leaf binder.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook Dept 155 East 44th St., New York City 17

# Mom's Night Off!

Here's an easy-to-make dinner...VEAL 'N VEGETABLE CASSEROLE... to establish your reputation as a good cook!



1. Buy 1 lb. veal and have butcher cut it into 1-inch cubes. Using 2 tbs. Nucoa margarine, brown meat in a frying pan.



2. Put in casserole. Add small can mushroom stems, drained, 2 cubes chicken bouillon, 1 can condensed vegetable soup.



3. Season with ¼ tsp. salt, and a few dashes of pepper. Mix all ingredients thoroughly with a spoon.



**4.** Blend ½ c. Real Mayonnaise and 1 ths. flour in a mixing bowl. Gradually stir in 1 c. milk. Add to casserole, and mix again.



**5.** Cover, bake in 350° oven 30-40 minutes. Serve with salad, baked potatoes or heated rolls, and a beverage. (Serves 6.)



#### It's S-M-O-O-T-H!

Smooth in texture and flavor... and a smooth mixer with so many other foods! That's Best Foods or Hellmann's Real Mayonnaise! For salads, it blends like a dream

with fruit juice, ketchup or milk—and never turns watery. For casseroles or soups, it's a seasoning supreme. And it's creamy in sauces for meat, fish or vegetables. Only Real Mayonnaise is so good so many ways!

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Name			_
Address			
City	Zone	State	



### Half a Dozen Steps

(Continued from page 9)

in an easygoing manner, "but the Canteen Committee is meeting. Just started a few minutes ago. They're all about your age." ho

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Boys and girls her own age, Susan thought. Planning things, talking eagerly. When Miss Rowland walks in with a new girl, Susan thought, everybody will stop talking and look up. I won't know what to say. Miss Rowland had looped an arm through hers, forcing her to walk along.

"The committee's planning entertainment for a party," Miss Rowland explained genially. "They like to have something special once in a while, to sort of pep things up."

Susan could find nothing to say. But walking across the brown marble floor with Miss Rowland's arm through hers made gong through the lobby and down the hall a simple thing. The blond girl's continuous talk made it unnecessary for Susan to answer. "The party's going to be held a week from this Friday night. You may have some good ideas to offer."

Susan couldn't help the sudden stiffening of her body at the thought of speaking out before a group. Blanche Rowland turned her head to look at her and it seemed that the friendly hand tightened on her arm.

"Even if you don't have any ideas just now, meeting with a group like this you'll get to know a few of them, and actually be on the inside of the plans for the party. And that always helps."

They stopped before a door at the left. Susan wanted to scream out, "No." She couldn't go in. She couldn't move. She wouldn't know what to do. But Miss Rowland's hand was holding her arm and her other hand was on the doorknob. Her voice was low and her smile was warm. "Everyone calls me Blanche," she said, and turned the knob and they walked in.

Susan's misery blurred her perception. All she could see was a group of faces—some smiling, some preoccupied—turned briefly to the door with a word of greeting. And then, somehow, she was seated in a chair with Blanche Rowland at one side and a girl with long, dark hair at the other. Blanche had introduced her with a word of explanation.

Susan's mind whirled. Her fears of seeming awkward and ridiculous, her wish to hide her shyness and appear confident, were all mixed up with the strenuous effort she was making to concentrate on the plans and suggestions being made.

It was only after the discussion had resolved itself in a definite plan to present one skit and two pantomime acts, that Susan's tension relaxed and she could look about her. She noticed that although Blanche readily gave advice, she only did so when someone asked for it, or if a suggestion was not feasible. She became aware, too, that although she, Susan, was seated with these people, she might just as well not be there for all the interest that anyone took in her. Even Ethel, the girl next to her, had made no friendly overtures. This was not the way to become part of a group!

A red-haired girl, several seats away, pointed out that a few simple costumes would be needed to make the pantomime effective, but that she couldn't sew.

Ethel stood up. "I can sew," she said, "but costuming is a lot of work and we don't have very much time. If the pantomime is good, I think it will get across just as well

without costumes and be just as effective."

Susan listened. Sketching and sewing had helped to pass much of her time while in the hospital. She had designed the costumes for several puppet shows, which was very close to pantomime. She knew costumes were very important.

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She wanted to stand up and say so, but the mere thought of speaking made her face feel so hot that she was sure she was blushing.

The group rapidly took sides and Ethel kept winning additional converts. Susan felt more and more concerned. She knew it wouldn't work out. It couldn't. She found herself on her feet.

"It won't be any good without costumes," she was saying. "I've done designing and sewing for something very similar. In pantomime, costumes are terribly important.

"But we don't have time," Ethel said.
"They needn't be elaborate," Susan told her quickly. "Just a headdress, or a full, brightly colored skirt-anything suggestive of the character.

Suddenly she was aware of the faces turned toward her. Everyone was looking at her. Her heart pounded with dismay and she felt her face grow hot. She sat down quickly.

"I think she's right," the redheaded girl spoke up, "That makes good sense to me." Others voiced the same opinion. Then Ethel

was on her feet again.

"I didn't think of doing it that way," she said. "As long as complete costumes don't have to be made, there would probably be enough time, And," she admitted cheerfully, "I guess it would really look better."

Susan tried to sit straight instead of shrinking back. What Mother had said about getting interested in something and forgetting yourself came back to her. That's what had happened, and now that it was over, she was glad it had worked out that way.

Al, the boy who was chairman, appointed Ethel costume chairman and suggested that she and Susan collaborate. As Al turned to someone else, Ethel leaned over and whispered, "You seem to know so much about it. Would you work with me?" Susan, still somewhat bewildered by all that had happened, could only nod.

After settling a few more points about the skits, and urging everyone to be present at the next session, Al adjourned the meeting.

Susan stood with the others. Blanche had left a few minutes before. It was easy walking out with a group, even if you walked alone. She felt a heady exhilaration. There was to be another meeting at the end of the week, and she was now a part of the committee. She was supposed to come, too.

"Susan," Ethel was at her side. "Could we get together tomorrow to plan what we'll need?

Susan smiled, and this time it was easy. "That would be fine," she answered.

"I live on Willow Road. Is that near you?" Ethel asked as they crossed the lobby.

Susan felt a swift glow deep inside. That's just two blocks away from me." And then, abruptly, to control the sudden constriction of her throat that threatened to cut off her words, she added, "Perhaps—that is we have a new sewing machine. Maybe you could come to my house.

"That would be swell," Ethel sounded pleased. "It'll be fun working together."

Together they walked out of the building and down the half-dozen steps. Susan looked back. The yellow lights from the windows gleamed warm and inviting. THE END





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#### SURE CURE

DOCTOR: Your son will be all right now. DAD: Are you sure, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes, I just told him he should stay home from school.

Sent by HELEN MARIE PETERA, Lebanon, Illinois

#### MIXED METAPHOR

A little girl who had never seen a peacock visited her grandmother, who had one in the garden of her country home. It was strutting around with its tail fanned. The little girl ran into the house and called, "Grandma! Come out quick! One of your chickens is in full bloom!

Sent by GLENNA NELSON, Learnington, Utah

#### SURRENDER

Two boys on their first camping trip took refuge under a blanket from the mosquitoes. Later one peered out and saw some lightning bugs. "It's no use, Johnny," he exclaimed, "they're coming after us with lanterns!" Sent by MARY FRANCES GARNER, Ringling, Oklahoma

#### **CUTTING DOWN**

GIRL: Give me a double banana split, and put some whipped cream and hot fudge on it, too.

CLERK: And a

cherry? GIRL: No, thanks. I'm on a diet.

Sent by BARBARA ANN WACKER, Willmar, Minnesota

#### NATURE

MRS. GABBY: Doctor, why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?

DENTIST: Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.

JUNE KAROLYN KETCHUM,

#### WRONG STOP

An elderly lady on a bus was afraid she would miss her stop, so she poked the conductor with her umbrella and asked, "Is that the First National Bank?"

"No," he replied, "that's my rib!"

Sent by SHIRLEY JEAN CHAMBERS, Pleasantville, Iowa

#### TRAGEDY

Three men lived on the twenty-fifth floor of an apartment building. One day the elevator was out of order, so they had to walk up the stairs to their apartment.

To pass the time, they decided that the first man would sing a song, the second would tell a joke, and the third would tell a sad story.

They were on the twenty-fourth flight of stairs when it was the third man's turn, and all he said was, "I forgot the key."

Sent by ANNE MENTEN,
Willow Grove, Pennsylvania

#### VERY USEFUL

TEACHER: Janet, can you tell me one of the uses for cowhide?

JANET: Sure, it holds the cow together. Sent by NORMA PIKE, Spokane, Washingt

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every jeke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th 5t., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

by Merrylen

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#### LIFE WITH LIL



"They're dramatizing 'Romeo and Juliet.' That's English homework for this week."

OCTOBER, 1949

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#### Our October Fashions Are at the Following Stores PRIZE PURCHASE

Shown on page 17

City and State	Store
Altoona, Pa	Wm. F. Gable Co.
Asheville, N. C	Bon Marche
Atlantic City, N. J	M. E. Blatt Co.
Austin, Tex	Yaring's
Baltimore, Md	. Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Boston, Mass	Filene's
Bridgeport, Conn	Howland's
Brooklyn, N. Y	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y	J. N. Adam & Co.
Burlington, la	J. S. Schramm Co.
Camden, Ark	Copeland's
Chicago, Ill	The Fair
Cincinnati, O	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, O	Halle Bros.
Clearfield, Pa	Leitzinger Bros.
Dallas, Tex	Sanger Bros.
Denver, Colo	May Co.
Detroit, Mich	Hudson's
Galveston, Tex	Schwartz's
Harrisburg, Pa	Pomeroy's
Hartford, Conn	G. Fox & Co.
Herkimer, N. Y	

age 11
City and State Store
Lehighton, Pa Cohen's Dept. Store
Lincoln, Neb Miller & Paine
Memphis, Tenn Goldsmith's
Minneapolis, Minn Baker Co.
Newark, N. J Bamberger's
New Rochelle, N. Y Weber's Girls Shop
New York, N. Y
Oklahoma City, Okla Halliburton's
Olympia, Wash Paulson's Salon
Parkersburg, W. Va Dils Bros. & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa Gimbel Bros.
Portsmouth, Va Sears, Betty & Bob
Roanoke, Va Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y B. Forman
Seattle, Wash Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Ia
Springfield, III
Springfield, Mass Albert Steiger Co.
Stamford, Conn The C. O. Miller Co
Troy, N. Y
Washington, D. C Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan Buck's Inc.
Wichita, Kan Buck's Inc.

#### OUR OCTOBER COVER

June Ross, our October cover girl, is so bubbling over with life, that she's con-stantly dancing and singing. Someday she hopes to have a career in musical comedy. In the meantime she attends dramatic school, plays the piano, and has a busy modeling schedule. For football games and other fall fun, June wears a warm wool coat of Ancuna fleece. In classic lines, it features a back belt which may be removed for free action, pointed revers, notched collar, and cuffs with hand stitched edges. By Vogue, in teen sizes 10-16, it's about \$40 at the stores listed at the left. With this coat June wears a Scotch beret by Betmar, reversible imported wool gloves by Wear Right, and a B. G. smooth silk scarf.

#### TAFFETA DRESSES

Shown on page 20 Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. May Co., Denver, Colo. Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa. The Emporium, San Francisco, Calif. famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

#### COVER COAT

Baltimore, Md., Hutzler Bros. Brooklyn, N. Y., Abraham & Straus Cincinnati, Ohio, Shillito's Cleveland, Ohio, The Highbee Co. Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Dallas, Texas, A. Harris Dayton, Ohio, Rike-Kumler Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Des Moines, Iowa, Younker Bros. Indianapolis, Ind., L. S. Ayres Milwaukee, Wis., Milwaukee Boston Store Minneapolis, Minn., The Dayton Co. New York, N. Y., Bloomingdale's Oklahoma City, Okla., Kerr Dry Goods Pittsburgh, Pa., Joseph Horne Co. Philadelphia, Pa., Strawbridge & Clothier Rochester, N. Y., B. Forman Richmond, Va., Thalhimer Bros. St. Louis, Mo., Stix, Baer & Fuller

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#### by Lloyd Weldon

#### **Points on Pencils**

A first grader learning to write, an engineer calculating the strength of a bridge, an artist capturing a moment of beauty on his sketch pad, seem an oddly assorted company. But there is one tool which all have in commona pencil.

Although men have used lead and graphite for writing and drawing almost from the dawn of history, it wasn't until late in the sixteenth century that the British devised a way of using graphite and wood to make the first crude pencils. More than two hundred years later a Frenchman, Nicholas Jaques Conte, discovered that by mixing clay with graphite and baking it at a high temperature, pencils of various degrees of softness and hardness could be made-one of the most important developments in the manufacture of pencils.

In our own country, the pencil industry dates back to 1812, when William Monroe made pencils from graphite and clay in his woodworking shop in Salem, Massachusetts. Today, it is a major industry employing thousands of people, among them some blind persons who work as sorters and packagers.

Crayons, colored pencils, the big, soft pencils used for marking, and other special-type pencils have gum, wax, and other materials in the "lead." But the ordinary pencil which most of us use daily is a mixture of graphite, clay, and water. Most of the graphite is imported from Ceylon and Mexico, Madagascar and Canada, while the special clay comes mainly from England and Germany.

The graphite, clay, and water are mixed into a dough which is packed, under pressure, into a cylinder. The dough is then forced through a die made of an artificial sapphire. Commercial diamonds formerly were used for these dies, but the sapphires are equally good and less expensive. After drying, the pencil leads are baked, soaked in wax and glued between wooden slats. The pencils are shaped in machines and lacquered. The metal eraser holders and rubbers are put on, and the maker's name stamped on each pencil. A last careful inspection, and they are ready to be shipped.

By the end of the year, almost two billion will have been manufactured in 1949. How many of them will you have lost?

#### Stars Over Carolina

When Professor Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, told John Motley Morehead that 'North Carolinians are the most astronomically ignorant people in all America," he unwittingly laid the cornerstone for the South's first planetarium.

The remark so irritated Mr. Morehead, who is the inventor of the acetylene torch, and a

former United States Minister to Sweden, that he made up his mind to remedy the situation then and there. He decided to erect a planetarium on the campus of the University of North Carolina, his alma mater.

In Sweden he purchased the \$125,000 planetarium which had been on exhibition at Gothenburg, had it dismantled, crated, and shipped to North Carolina. A Swedish expert came with the equipment and directed its assembly, and the project was then put under the direction of Dr. Roy K. Marshall, who previously had been associated with four of the other five planetariums in this country.

On May 10, the first show was given in the beautiful new building, designed after Thomas Jefferson's home at Monticello. Since then, more than 100,000 people, including hundreds of school children, have witnessed the show, which is presented nine times a week. A great steel dome arches over the auditorium, and from the five hundred reclining seats visitors can look up into the dome and see the stars moving about in their orbits, just as in the heavens.

#### GHOOOOSTS!

by Louise Knight

October means Halloween-and that means spooks! Whose ghosts were seen by the following?

1. Hamlet

3. Brutus 2. Scrooge 4. Ichabod Crane 5. Macbeth

#### ANSWERS

5. banquo's 3. Caesar's s,upm 2. Marley's 4. Headless Horse-1. His father's

It is particularly appropriate that the University of North Carolina should have the first planetarium to be built on a university campus, for it is the oldest State university in the country. Its first cornerstone was laid 156 years ago this month, in a clearing of sweet gums, dogwoods, and maples. Now thanks to one of its alumni, North Carolinans are rapidly proving Professor Shapley wrong.

#### Youth Works for Peace

Peace is foremost in the hearts of people the world over today, and a group of young people, meeting in the World Assembly of Youth at Brussels, in August, decided to take definite action to help toward world peace. The one hundred sixty delegates (among them forty-five young women) ranged in age from eighteen to thirty, and represented forty different countries. To further the cause of peace, they set up a worldwide program for an exchange of letters among young people of all countries; a youth magazine to be written in English and French; an international radio program for young people; and a movie dealing with youth problems.

The organization is still in its infancy, its first regular meeting having been held in 1948 in London, where it has its headquarters. Only countries which have a Young Adult Council or similar sponsoring group may send delegates to the meetings, and the expenses of these delegates are paid by the organizations they represent.

The four delegates from the United States were John Wood and Charles Sherover of New York, Emily Seiling and Arnulf Pins of New Jersey. They were sent by the Youth Adult Council of the National Social Welfare Assembly, which represents such groups as the YMCA and YWCA, the NAACP, the National Jewish Welfare Board, the Red Cross, and others. For one of these delegates-Arnulf Pins, representing the National Jewish Youth Conference-this was not a new experience, for he has been active in the World Assembly of Youth since its beginning. He was a member of the committee which drafted its charter, and in 1948 served on its executive committee.

The deep personal interest of this young man of twenty-two in a program for world peace grew out of this own personal experiences. He was born in Duisburg, Germany, of Jewish parents, but in 1936, with Nazi power growing in Germany, his father had to flee with his family to Palestine. Then his mother's health failed, and the family came to the United States and settled in Paterson, New Jersey. Young Arnulf threw himself into community affairs, and in the first years of the war, before entering the Army, he headed a youth bond drive at the YMHA, which raised over one million dollars.

Now a senior at Columbia College, he plans to go to graduate school and then into social work, and this summer, while in Europe, he made a tour of England, France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. He visited the displaced persons camps in France and Germany, filled with thousands of restless, tired, and homeless people; saw the ruined cities and ravaged countrysides. When he came home in September he was more than ever determined to help build a program to guide the youth of the world toward lasting peace. "If through these meetings of young people of all nations," Arnulf says, "youth can learn to work constructively together, surely there is no reason why the same spirit of understanding co-operation cannot guide their actions later on in world affairs.

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